HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXII.—No. 1138.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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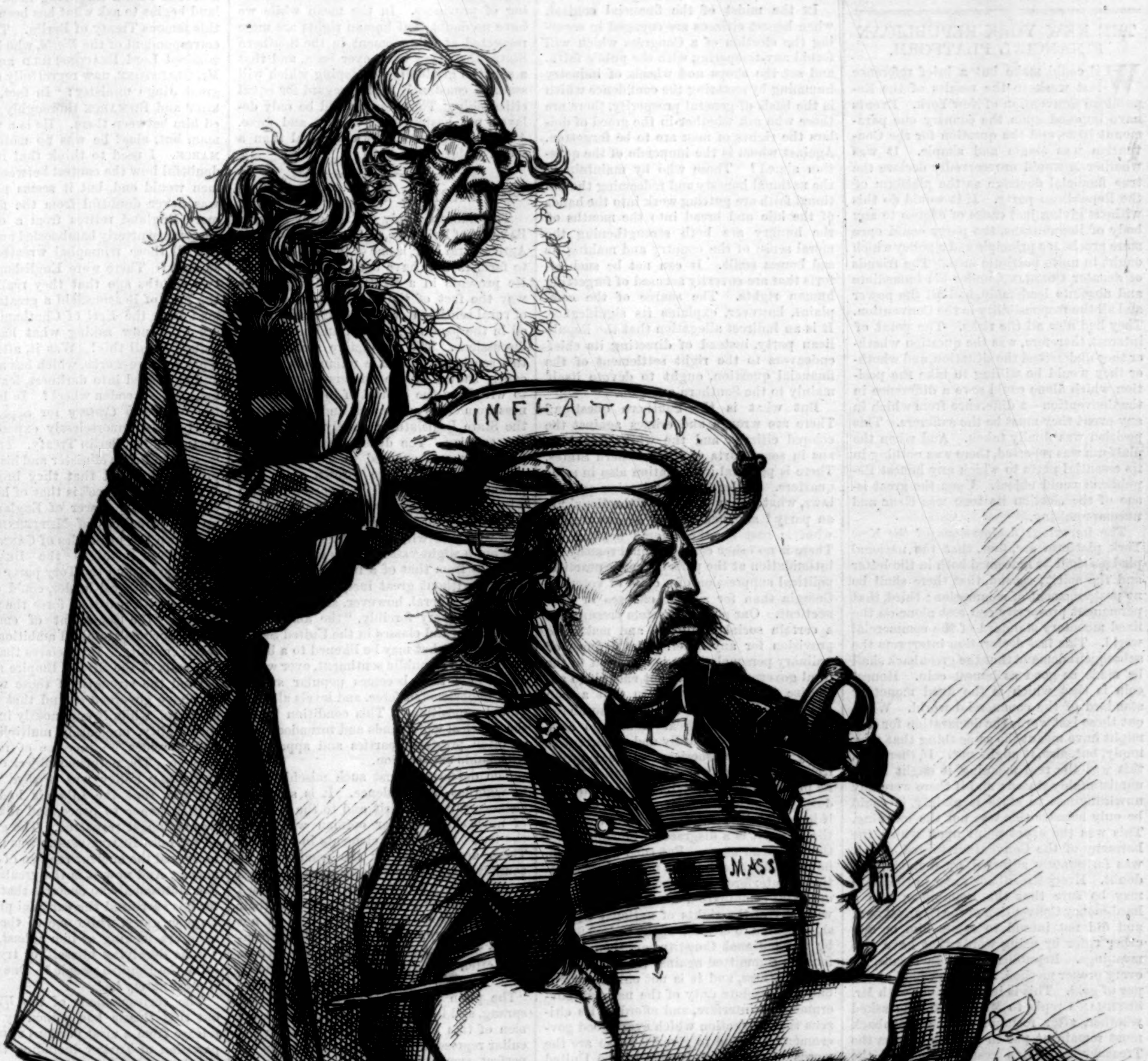

THE CROWNING POINT OF HIS LIFE.
WHAT IS WEALTH IN COMPARISON WITH FAME?

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 19, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the opening chapters of*

"A DARK INHERITANCE,"

by Mary Cecil Hay, *and two fine engravings.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN FINANCIAL PLATFORM.

We could make but a brief reference last week to the results of the Republican Convention of New York. Events have imposed upon the country one paramount issue, and the question for the Convention was single and simple. It was whether it would unreservedly declare the true financial doctrine as the platform of the Republican party. If it would do this without giving just cause of offense to any body of Republicans, the party could once more proclaim a principle and a policy which ought to unite patriotic men. The friends of Senator Conkling, under his immediate and absolute leadership, had all the power and all the responsibility in the Convention. They had also all the risks. The point of interest, therefore, was the question whether they understood the situation, and whether they would be willing to take the position which alone could save a difference in the Convention—a difference from which in any event they must be the sufferers. This position was finally taken. And when the platform was reported, there was nothing in its essential parts to which any honest Republican could object. Upon the great issue of the election its tone was clear and uncompromising.

The important declarations of the New York platform are, first, that the national pledges shall be redeemed both in the letter and the spirit; second, that there shall be no postponement of resumption; third, that permanent prosperity can rest alone on the fixed monetary standard of the commercial world. This last declaration interprets the subsequent demand that the greenback shall be made as good as honest coin. Honest coin is that which is the fixed monetary standard of the commercial world. Without these last words the declaration for coin might have meant the same thing that they imply, but, also, it might not. If, therefore, this was the real meaning, it ought to be unmistakably stated; and if there were any unwillingness to state it plainly, it could be only because this was not the meaning. This was the exact point upon which the harmony of the Convention turned, and it was fortunately adjusted by removing all doubt. Every Greenback voter in the State may be sure that the Republican was a hard-money Convention of the straitest sect, and did not intend to cajole him or any other voter by using words that have two meanings. Republican success means, by every proper method, a currency held at the par of gold. This is in accordance with Mr. Sherman's reply to Mr. Ewing, who asked whether, after resumption, the greenback must remain at par in gold as long as the Treasury maintains resumption, and the Secretary answered, Certainly. There are undoubtedly some Republicans in the State who wish that the platform had been framed to mean all things to all men. But delegates who agreed upon nothing else agreed entirely upon the crucial point of rejecting an elastic yard-stick. Some undoubtedly would have preferred that the declaration should be more concise and pointed. But it was useless to dispute the form if the substance had been gained.

The difference between the Saratoga and the Syracuse platforms is significant. The Syracuse declaration is "gold and silver coin, and paper convertible into coin at the will of the holder, the only currency of the country." Convertible into what coin? A coin of depreciated value, or the fixed monetary standard of the commercial world? The evasion is the precise difference between the platforms. The Democrats meant not to say just what they meant. The Republicans meant to deceive nobody. And nobody will be deceived. All the events of the autumn show a resistless tendency to force the two great parties into a representative position upon the real question of the hour. No man who wishes to see "fiat money," or "absolute" or irredeemable money, turns to the Republicans, or believes that his views will be advanced by Republican success. And those who have hoped that the Republican party would be made somehow a Greenback party upon a sentimental platform of the currency that carried the country triumphantly through the war, see day by day that it is impossible, and that their efforts would destroy the party. We repeat what we said a week or two ago, that Republican success is desirable only upon the clear understanding that it means an honest, intelligent, and courageous financial policy. The Republican Convention has unequivocally declared that, for New York it does mean that. Those, therefore, who desire that result will sustain that party, except when its nominations belie its professions.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

In the midst of the financial contest, when honest citizens are engaged in securing the election of a Congress which will forbid any tampering with the public faith, and set the shops and wheels of industry humming by restoring the confidence which is the basis of general prosperity, there are those who ask whether in the greed of dollars the rights of man are to be forgotten. Against whom is the innuendo of the question aimed? Those who by maintaining the national honesty and redeeming the national faith are putting work into the hands of the idle and bread into the mouths of the hungry are both strengthening the moral sense of the country and making its sad homes smile. It can not be such efforts that are covertly accused of forgetting human rights. The source of the complaint, however, explains its significance. It is an indirect allegation that the Republican party, instead of directing its chief endeavors to the right settlement of the financial question, ought to devote itself mainly to the Southern question.

But what is the Southern question? There are wrongs and crimes against the colored citizens and the white Republicans in some parts of the Southern States. There is political intimidation also in some quarters. Under the Constitution and the laws, what policy is open to the Republican party? and, considering human nature, what is best for the colored population? There is no other constitutional remedy for intimidation at the polls or for the practical political suppression of a class of voters in Georgia than for similar offenses in Connecticut. Our political system presupposes a certain social condition, and makes no provision for any other. The defense of ordinary personal rights is intrusted to the local government. It is not enough to authorize national intervention that a man has been maltreated and even murdered presumably for political views and acts. Such conduct is dastardly and abhorrent to every honorable American. It may spring from race prejudice or party passion. But its punishment is a local and not a national duty. If the local conscience is not aroused, if local public sentiment actually condones the crime, it is a disgrace to humanity and the American name. But such a situation, however deplorable, does not authorize national interference. When, however, "an unlawful combination is made to interfere with any of the rights of national citizenship secured to citizens of the United States by the national Constitution, then an offense is committed against the laws of the United States, and it is not only the right but the absolute duty of the national government to interfere, and afford to its citizens that protection which every good government is bound to give." These are the words of the Chief Justice of the United States in the Ellenton conspiracy case, and this is the sole condition of national interference in such cases.

The impatient demand not to forget human rights implies a notion that the national government may and ought to undertake a general local police charge of the States, supported by the army. It sometimes sighs that this was the old Republican plan. But if it were now proclaimed as the policy of the party, what would become of the rights of man in the States most concerned? Reason, humanity, experience, expediency, and the Constitution all protest against the attempt to produce by brute force results that are only possible to the slow processes of civilization. In the abnormal situation immediately succeeding the war, extraordinary measures were imperative, and were justly taken. But the time has now come when the normal condition must be restored. The alternative is simple: the States must take care of themselves, or the national government must take care of them. But there can be no question that whatever the failures and drawbacks and crimes, it is a thousandfold better for all races and all classes that the national government should not undertake the charge, except in the clear constitutional case mentioned by the Chief Justice. There is really, therefore, no longer a Southern question in national politics. But there is one plain and positive way in which human rights may be promoted and protected in the Southern States. It is by encouraging every patriotic man and movement there. It is by showing that "the North," the idea of which the Republican party is the political organization, is not sectionally hostile to "the South." It is by refusing to hold a vague and repulsive power called "the South" responsible for every act of violence, every crime against the colored race and humanity. If any body has fully made up his mind that "the South" is hopelessly hostile to human rights, to equal citizenship, to the Union and the Constitution—in a word, incapable of political association with "the North"—he ought to advocate either separation or a change in the Constitution that would authorize the holding of provinces. In the mean while we have no doubt that human rights are more respected at this moment in the Southern States than they have ever been, and that a spirit is gradually developing which will secure a constantly higher regard for equal citizenship. That result could be only delayed, not hastened, by threats and force. And its progress is less a political than a social problem.

THE FARMER AND THE TIMES.

The address lately delivered by Senator Bayard, of Delaware, at the Maryland State Agricultural Fair, is one of the best speeches to farmers that have been made this year. He presents in a striking and suggestive way the fact of the natural conservatism of rural sentiment, which is especially needed in the pending financial and economical discussions. The instinctive feeling that this sentiment is a safe reliance is significantly shown by the universal disposition to withdraw the control of local indebtedness from cities and towns, and intrust it to the State Legislatures, chiefly drawn from the country. The dense masses of town population are exposed to influences and conditions which have thrown great suspicion upon municipal government, and a wise system of such government is yet to be adopted. Public sentiment among multitudes of men who have little in common and but a slight "stake in the state" is very different from that of a homogeneous community without great inequality of condition. In general, however, as Mr. Bayard points out very forcibly, "the absence of legal ranks and classes in the United States has created what may be likened to a broad prairie-land of public sentiment, over which every gale that becomes popular sweeps with unobstructed force, and levels all individual opposition." This condition breeds the political whirlwinds and tornadoes that so often prostrate parties and apparently reasonable expectation.

The defense against such mischiefs lies in vigorous independence. It is stout resistance to party spirit and to the tyranny of unchecked popular opinion which are the true conservative elements in America. These are fostered by the conditions of country life, and the Senator earnestly urges upon patriotic men "whose lives are passed remote from busy crowds" to consider their duty and their responsibility. It is not upon those who are fond of calling themselves practical politicians, but upon those who often take little direct part in politics, that the real conduct of affairs depends. "The plain people," from whom Lincoln sprang, and in whom he always trusted, are men of this kind. Lincoln was their peculiar representative. His power lay in his perfect sympathy with them, so that his own convictions were the index of the popular conscience.

This conservatism of independence, intelligence, and sound sense is bred by what Mr. Bayard calls the fireside virtues, and they are nurtured by the conditions of rural life. The homespun virtues of industry and frugality, of courage and patience, of self-reliance and self-restraint, are found in the fields and the pastures, on the hills and the country road-sides, and these are the saving forces of the commonwealth. He appeals to this conservatism, to the farming classes, the land-owners, the hardy laborers of the soil, to give the proper answer to the wild theories that no more rent should be paid for land, no more interest for the use of money; that the precious metals should be discarded, and "absolute" money ordained by law be accepted as a true measure of value and medium of exchange. Who should so sternly resist all schemes which would necessarily destroy public credit as the farmer, who of all men in the country has so much and so regular need of credit? Who so well as he knows that all value springs from labor, and that wealth can not be created by fiat or law? The farmer is the man who especially knows the necessity of steady, continuous industry; and who so well as he knows that paper promises never to be redeemed, and indefinitely multiplied by a political majority, can never be a stable and trusty measure of the value of the crops to the growth of which so much of his toil, anxiety, and life have been given? No Maryland farmer who has a mind as well as ears could have heard Mr. Bayard's quiet and wise words without a truer conception of patriotism and conservatism.

THE ENGLISH REACTION.

"I don't mind the night; 'tis the next morning that I think of," was the answer of the wise old wassailer to his younger companion. But the British Jingoes, who received Lord Beaconsfield as if he had been a god descending, thought only of the night. The morning, however, is beginning to dawn, and it is with a throbbing head that England begins to ask what has been gained by this famous Treaty of Berlin. The London correspondent of the *World*, who has always admired Lord Beaconsfield and disliked Mr. Gladstone, now regretfully says of the great Jingo minister: "In fact, Gortchakoff and Bismarck thoroughly hoodwinked him between them. He is a very clever man, but, alas! he was no match for Bismarck. I used to think that it was very doubtful how the contest between two such men would end, but it seems now that it was never doubtful from the first. Once more England retires from a congress or conference utterly bamboozled and undone." Are all those triumphal wreaths withered so soon? There were Englishmen so mad two months ago that they really thought the Earl of Beaconsfield a greater Englishman than the Earl of Chatham, and they are even now asking what has England gained by all this! Was it, after all, only a piece of fire-works, which has now flashed and sputtered into darkness, leaving but a motionless wooden wheel? In his paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, Mr. Gladstone remorselessly exposes the imposture of the Berlin Treaty. The "honor" which the Prime Minister and his lieutenant proudly declared that they brought from Berlin with "peace" is that of having used the name and power of England "to set up the principles of Metternich, and to put down the principles of Canning." Mr. Gladstone arraigns the Beaconsfield Government and the Tory party as only he, the great Liberal leader, could do it. He attacks with resistless force the policy that flatters "the sentiment of empire," and whose springs are blind ambition and territorial cupidity. He declares that the cares and calls of the British Empire are already beyond the strength of those who govern and have governed it, and that the Treaty of Berlin, while it enormously increases responsibility, immensely multiplies danger, and provides no increase of resources to meet it. The notorious object of the Beaconsfield policy was *prestige*. The Tory cry was that the Liberals had sacrificed British honor to peace, and that England was no longer respected. The glory claimed for Lord Beaconsfield was that he had recovered the ancient renown of the British name. And now it is the greatest of English statesmen who declares that the minister has sacrificed the cardinal principles of English glory, while one of the minister's admirers, looking at him aghast, exclaims: "Is he deceiving himself, or trying to deceive the English people? One of the two it must surely be."

The correspondent of the *World* points out that Russia has gained by the treaty release from a most perilous situation; the partition of Turkey, including the Russian acquisitions in Asia Minor; time to prepare for her next move, and the paralysis of England by a treaty which enables Russia to choose the time and place of fighting. Meanwhile England must look on and see the Christian Turkish provinces desolated; must defend Turkey whenever Russia chooses to attack her, and must secure good government in Asiatic Turkey. But what has England gained by all this? The island of Cyprus is only an expense and trouble, and at any moment Turkey may oblige England to abandon it by compelling her to withdraw from the convention at which Bismarck is reported to have laughed as a little "fad" of Lord Beaconsfield. The *World* correspondent does not like Mr. Gladstone. But so great is the reaction of feeling against the Government within less than two months of the frenzied delight of England over the return of Beaconsfield and Salisbury with "peace and honor," that the correspondent now says of Mr. Gladstone, "The popular forces of the day are with him," and adds that if there were a prospect of the accession of Lord Hartington and a moderate ministry to follow

Lord **Beaconsfield**, "the secession from the ranks of the Conservatives would be tremendous at the present moment." This fact is as extraordinary as any in the extraordinary career of Lord **Beaconsfield**. But it is the vindication of statesmen like Mr. **Gladstone**, who insist that principle is indispensable to permanent success.

MANUALS OF CURRENT QUESTIONS.

We receive so many letters and inquiries for manuals of popular information upon financial and economical subjects from those who have neither time nor opportunity for elaborate study, that we are glad to mention two which will be found very serviceable. The *A B C of Finance*, by Professor **Simon Newcomb**, published by the **Harpers**, contains in a small compass the fundamental principles of sound doctrine very clearly stated. There are many persons who constantly ask the questions which this little handy pocket book plainly answers. The *Primer of Political Economy*, by Messrs. **Alfred B. Mason** and **John J. Lalor**, published by **Jansen, M'Clurg, & Co.**, of Chicago. "It is simply a primer," as its preface says, but it is the result of careful and thorough study and comprehension, and puts its explanations in the most axiomatic form. It treats with clearness wealth, capital, wages, strikes, demand and supply, money, credit, tariff, and cognate subjects, giving only, and in the briefest form, laws and proofs.

We have hitherto alluded to **Poor**'s *Hand-Book for the Times*, which treats the money question with knowledge and ability. With these we might mention a few speeches, especially that of Mr. **Schurz** in Cincinnati, which puts the true doctrine very forcibly, and without timidity or evasion from party considerations; the President's speeches at the West; Mr. **Garfield**'s speech in Boston; Mr. **Grow**'s at Oil City, in its elementary parts; Senator **Hoar**'s at Worcester and Senator **Blaine**'s at Faneuil Hall; General **Harrison**'s in Indianapolis, and Senator **Bayard**'s at Newport, Delaware, and that in Maryland, which we elsewhere mention. These are all worthy of attention. And the fact is also worth considering that since the delivery of such speeches began, and the argument has been fairly laid before the country, public opinion is much more decided. The line is drawn. The inflation movement does not pretend to answer the argument, and relies for success upon hard times and hard feeling.

We ought to add to these means of public information the admirable articles of the daily press. There are many papers in the country which every day deliver the soundest doctrine in the most admirable manner. Some of the Republican papers, discrediting their party name, have shivered and hedged; but the press has been rather beyond than behind the party platforms. The party tone itself is very much stronger than when during the silver debate some party chiefs went wrong and others were silent. Whatever the effect of the discussion upon the Congressional elections may be, the public mind is very much more truly informed upon the subject than it has been before, and Congressional action will be much more intelligently scanned and criticised.

SENATOR BLAINE AND MR. PHILLIPS.

Senator Blaine has written an excellent reply to a letter from Mr. **Wendell Phillips** about interconvertible bonds. Mr. **Phillips** wrote that the best European thought was rapidly coming to approve the issue of all paper currency by the government as a universal legal tender, interconvertible with bonds for a long term and at low interest, principal and interest payable in coin. He added that he was sorry to see the Republican party rejecting this policy, and so insuring Southern Bourbon rule for a dozen years. Mr. **Blaine**'s reply is acute and conclusive. He holds that if the bond be of a sufficiently high rate of interest to float the currency to an equality with coin, the currency will run into the bond, and this so forcibly at critical times as to produce a scarcity of notes and general instability. But if this tendency be avoided by a low rate of interest, the par of currency with coin could not be maintained, and the coin would disappear. In either case the scheme would destroy itself. Still further, this bond would promote the unsoundest speculation by giving opportunity to "lock up" greenbacks to extort interest from the government, deranging every branch of trade, and reducing the value of every farmer's crop. It would force the government into complicity with all kinds of mad gambling. Then, again, during the dull season, awaiting the movement of the crops, the one or two hundred millions of idle capital would demand interest through the bond, and the whole people be taxed to pay income to capital while it awaited investment. All the infinite small daily cash business of the country would feel the evil of this mischievous bond system. If every man could deposit a small sum with the government and draw interest, he would naturally postpone paying his small bills as long as he could. The plan would, in fine, impose a vast taxation to pay interest upon money seeking more permanent and profitable investment.

Mr. **Blaine** reminds Mr. **Phillips** that the government paper could not be legal tender any where but in this country, that in proposing payability in coin he leaves the fiat greenback movement, and that he proposes no method whatever of accumulating coin. If, therefore, the Republican party had proposed it as their policy, they would only have made themselves ridiculous, without gaining a single recruit. Besides, if Mr. **Phillips** is willing to have coin to steady the value of his bonds, why not have a free use of it to steady all values? Nor does Mr. **Blaine** admit that the best European thought favors the doctrine of Mr. **Phillips**. On the contrary, he asserts that no recognized authority advocates any other paper currency than that which is redeemable in coin at pleasure.

So far as Southern Bourbon rule is concerned, Mr. **Blaine** reminds Mr. **Phillips** that his own financial theories are precisely those of the Southern Bourbons, and one of the chief evils to be feared from their success would be the triumph of Mr. **Phillips**'s financial heresies. The Southern Bourbons, he says, are certainly not the natural guardians of the thousands of millions of property in the Northern States dependent upon the maintenance of the public credit and a sound currency. But it is alarming and sad, he thinks, to see Mr. **Phillips** aiding their efforts. Mr. **Blaine** adds that in all great political struggles issues become generalized and details are omitted. Upon the financial question there can be but two sides—one for honest money, the other for inflation. We are glad to see that he has made his choice for the first, although Mr. **Thurlow Weed** regrets that Mr. **Blaine** had not done even as General **Butler**.

OUR CANADIAN NEIGHBORS.

Last week, in speaking of the late political revolution in Canada, we said that it showed how thoroughly unpopular the present government must be, although it is nominally Liberal. This view is confirmed by letters from the Dominion. Thoroughly informed Liberals feel that the press of "the States" naturally enough fails to understand the real bearing of the result of the election. It is, in fact, favorable to the general interests of the New World. "The Grits," who were in power, were renegade Liberals, and thoroughly reactionary as the real tendencies of the pseudo-Liberal party are, it constituted the worst obstacle to a truly Liberal policy. That obstacle has been removed, and the miscellaneous crowd of politicians styling themselves Liberal-Conservatives who have succeeded under Sir **John Macdonald** are much less to be feared. The economical forces are working strongly, and they will determine political policies. Canadian opinion is fast coming to the conclusion that there must be a change in the commercial system and relations of the country, and of course the first impulse of the victorious party will be toward a protective tariff against the United States.

This policy, however, will fail soon and totally. The tendency toward a customs union will then be irresistible. The public apathy is broken, and the end can not be doubtful. On this side of the line we shall naturally watch the course of events with great interest and sympathy. Of course we can take no part nor offer any solicitation. Education upon the subject of tariff laws and customs unions is going on among us also. We can indeed see, and plainly, that the interests of contiguous communities of the same general race and language and political traditions and forms are not really divergent, and that a virtual union will be mutually advantageous whenever it shall be mutually desired. But this is a matter not to be urged nor hurried. We presume that our friends of the Dominion will have a revival of loyalty under the administration of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess, and that under its influence the experiment of a Protectionist or semi-protectionist tariff will be tried. We presume farther, as we have intimated, that this will be found not to be the panacea.

In any case we are glad of events which arouse in the United States an intelligent interest in the concerns of our most civilized and progressive American neighbor. The politics of Mexico and of the South American states are mainly revolutionary movements, and long and sad experience has not persuaded the English-speaking race that the true principles of popular government are understood in the tropics. But a neighboring community of which a man like Lord **Dufferin** is the retiring Governor, and to which the Queen's daughter comes as the wife of his successor, is one which we ought at least to watch with singular sympathy. It is true that it has always seemed to us practically a rather remote region, and that we have known little of its affairs. But a serious and promising tendency toward partial union with us, however its accomplishment may be delayed, will give us a healthful interest, which we ought certainly to strive to promote.

PERSONAL.

Mr. **E. M. C. Durfee**, an opulent young manufacturer of Fall River, who gave to Yale College its "Durfee Hall," some years before he died bought **Kaulbach**'s cartoon of the Reformation, giving $25,000 for it. It is so large that it could not be put into any gallery, and he intended to build one for it. Temporarily he put it in a mill, where it has since remained.

—A new Southern novel, recently published in "Harper's Library of American Fiction," under the title of *Like unto Like*, contains some very vivid imaginary descriptions of the ravages of yellow fever in the South. The author, a gifted and accomplished young lady, who has lately resided at the North, was a few weeks ago called to her Southern home to attend her father and brother, who had been stricken down by the fever. Her faithful and loving services were unavailing to save them; and after passing through horrors which surpassed all her imagination had painted, she herself barely escaped the same fate.

—The venerable historian Mr. **Bancroft** met with a severe accident at Newport a few days ago. A spirited team of horses which he was driving took fright and ran. He guided them with great skill for about three miles, when at a sudden bend of the road the carriage was overturned. Mr **Bancroft** was thrown out, and sustained severe, but it is hoped not serious, injuries.

—Professor **Fischer**, of Prague, an accomplished chemist, recently fell a victim to science and his own rashness. He seems to have imagined that he had discovered a means of rendering cyanide of potassium harmless, and in the presence of the store-keeper of the laboratory of the Gymnasium tasted a mixture of sal ammoniac and cyanide, saying that "science had advanced so far as to be able to render harmless so dangerous an agent as cyanide of potassium." He had, however, scarcely swallowed what he had tasted when he was seized with violent pains, and before a physician arrived was beyond human aid.

—It was recently reported that Dr. **August Heinrich Petermann**, the most celebrated geographer of Germany, had died of apoplexy. Further dispatches indicate a belief that he committed suicide in consequence of family difficulties. He was not yet sixty years old, having been born in 1822. Dr. **Petermann** was interested in all the great geographical problems of the day, especially in arctic and African exploration. Enthusiastic as well as learned, he had his pet theories, among which was that of an open polar sea, which seemed to be confirmed by the discoveries of Dr. **Kane**, although capable authorities now entertain very varying opinions on that subject. From 1865 to 1868 Dr. **Petermann** was engaged in organizing the Prussian expedition to the north pole, which was to act in concert with an American and a French expedition.

—The son of the Khedive of Egypt has not been permitted to find a royal road to learning. He has lived in London for two years, preparing for the Woolwich examination. Not only was the young man obliged to give himself up altogether to study, but every member of his suite was made to do the same. Masters carefully selected attended daily, giving the youth and his attendants instruction in English literature, science, classics, mathematics, etc., the whole business of the household from morning to night being study. Even on a holiday visit home the rules were not relaxed, English tutors accompanying the party to Egypt.

—Mr. **Frank Harrison** has made a very strong, melodramatic play in five acts from Mr. **James Payn**'s striking and original novel, entitled *By Proxy*, recently published by the **Harpers**. It will be produced by an excellent company throughout the country, under the title of *Shay-le; or, By Proxy*. The action is partly laid in China, and this affords an opportunity for the introduction of picturesque scenery and costumes, of which Mr. **Harrison** has not failed to avail himself. As our readers may remember, the story turns on the theft of a sacred relic from a Buddhist temple. The crime is punishable by a cruel death; the culprit is caught and condemned, but is rescued by an ingenious device, which gives the story its name, and which Mr. **Harrison** has turned to full account.

—The Rev. **Samuel Lockwood**, Ph.D., Superintendent of the Public Schools of Monmouth County, New Jersey, was recently the recipient of a very pleasant testimonial of regard from the trustees, teachers, scholars, and other friends, in the form of a purse to defray the expenses of a trip to the Paris Exhibition. Professor **Lockwood** is an able scientist, and a popular contributor to our periodicals, generally on scientific subjects and natural history. He is one of the most efficient county superintendents of education in the country.

—King **Humbert** of Italy has been doing a little something for us of the U. S., having conferred the cross of officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy upon **John Sartain**, of New York, late chief of the department of fine arts at the Centennial Exhibition, in recognition of services rendered to the Italian Commissioners and exhibitors. A like distinction has been conferred upon Director-General **Goshorn** and Colonel **Asch**.

—The largest estate ever left in California, that of the late **William S. O'Brien**, has just been officially appraised and filed at over $9,650,000, exclusive of mining stocks. The remark made by the Duke of Cleveland, the most patrician of English patricians, when informed of the engagement of his step-son, Lord **Rosebery**, to Miss **De Rothschild**, might be made of the **O'Brien**. Said the Duke, "I'm not personally acquainted with the lady's family, but *I understand* they are wealthy."

—Dean **Stanley** graduated from Oxford forty years ago, and was at one time tutor to the Prince of Wales. In 1851 he became Canon of Canterbury, and in 1856 Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. From this position he was transferred to the eminent place he now holds. He is recognized in England as one of the leaders of the Broad-Church party, which is as much opposed to the evangelicals on the one hand as to the ritualists on the other. He is well known by his *History of the Jewish Church*, his *Life of Thomas Arnold*, and his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. In 1874 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The boiler of the steamboat *Adelphi*, running between this city and South Norwalk, Connecticut, exploded on the morning of the 28th ult., near Gregory's Point. Of the 225 passengers on board, twelve were killed and twenty-one injured.

Our troops have had another fight with the Cheyennes, sixty miles northeast of Fort Wallace, in Kansas. Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, of the Nineteenth Infantry, was killed, and three men were wounded.

The Nebraska Democrats met at Lincoln, on the 29th ult., and nominated, for Governor, J. R. Webster; Lieutenant-Governor, F. J. Mead; Secretary of State, Benjamin Palmerton; Auditor, E. H. Benton; Treasurer, S. H. Cummins (Greenbacker); Superintendent of Public Instruction, S. L. R. Barrett; Attorney-General, S. H. Calhoun (Greenbacker); Superintendent of Public Lands, J. S. M'Cready; Supreme Judge, John D. Howe (Greenbacker); Congress, short term, Dr. Alexander Bear; Congress, long term, J. W. Davis (Greenbacker). The hard-money men refused to subscribe to the platform. The Republicans met at the same place, on the 2d inst., and nominated, for Governor, Albinus Nance; Lieutenant-Governor, Edward C. Carns; Associate Justice, General Amasa Cobb; Congress, long term, Edward K. Valentine; Congress, short term, Thomas J. Majors; Secretary of State, S. T. Alexander.

The Texas Republican Convention met at Dallas, on the 2d inst., and nominated, for Governor, A. T. Morton; Lieutenant-Governor, Richard Allen; Comptroller, A. Siemering; Treasurer, S. D. Wood; Commissioner of the Land-Office, Jacob Keuchler; Attorney-General, F. W. Minor.

The Iowa Democrats and Greenbackers, on the 30th ult., agreed upon a fusion ticket, as follows: for Secretary of State, E. M. Farnsworth (Greenbacker); Auditor of State, Joseph Eiboeke (Democrat); Treasurer of State, M. L. Devlin (Greenbacker); Register of the Land-Office, M. Farrington (Greenbacker); Judge of the Supreme Court, J. C. Knapp (Democrat); Attorney-General, John B. Gibbons (Democrat); Clerk of the Supreme Court, Alexander Ranyon (Greenbacker); Reporter of the Supreme Court, John B. Elliott (Democrat).

The Colorado State election, held on the 1st inst., resulted in a Republican victory by a majority of over 2000, with two-thirds of the Legislature secured. Judge Belford, the Republican candidate for Congress, has carried every county except two of those thus far reported.

Full returns of the vote for Governor of Vermont, canvassed by the Secretary of State, are as follows: whole number of votes cast, 57,956; necessary to a choice, 28,979; Proctor (Republican) received 37,812; Bingham (Democrat), 17,247; C. C. Martin (Greenbacker), 2685; C. W. Wieland (Independent), 780; scattering, 32; Proctor's majority, 16,686. In the Third Congressional District, Barlow lacked 121 votes of being elected.

FOREIGN NEWS.

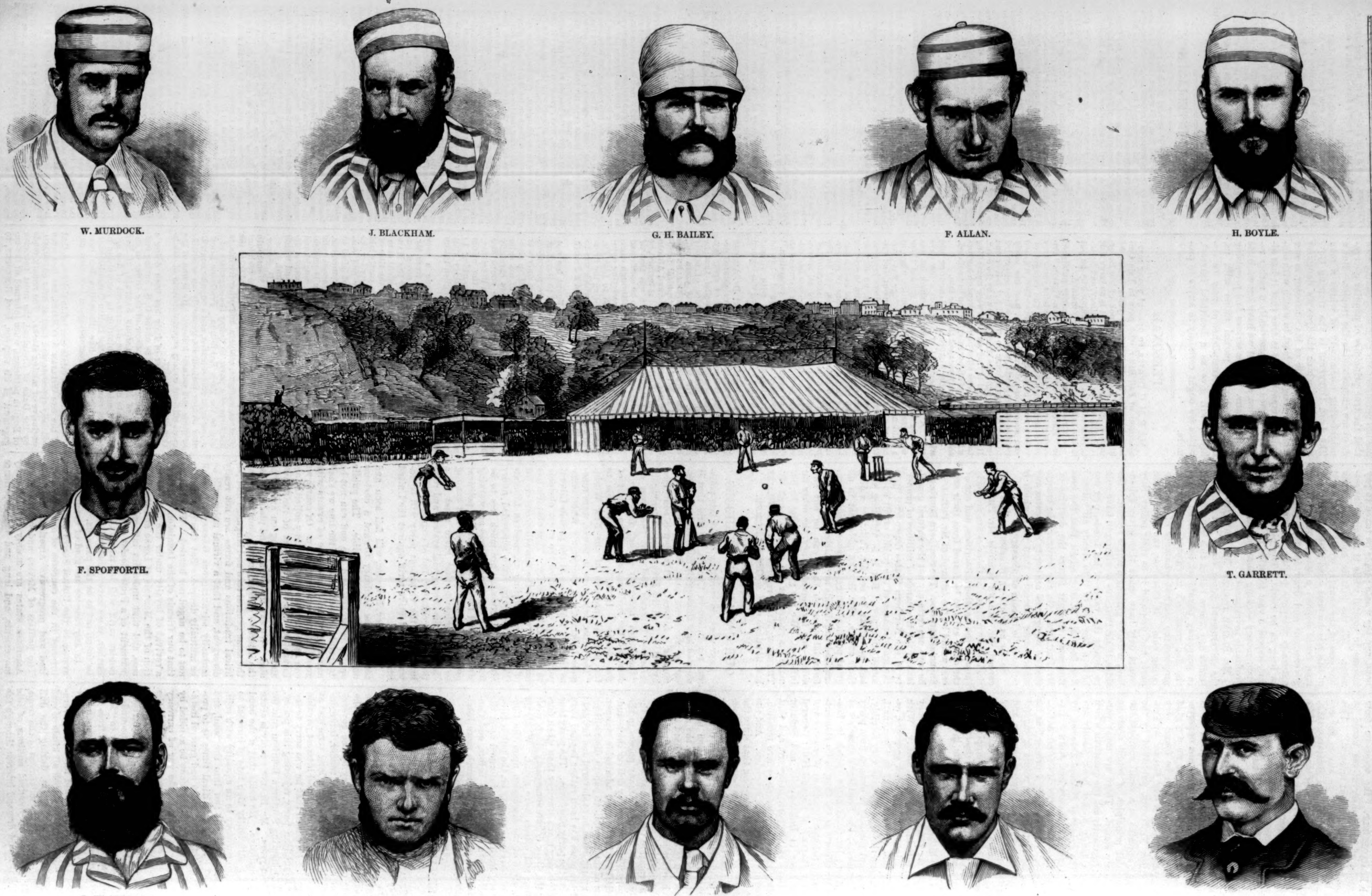
The Eastern Question: Bosnia is virtually subdued. On the 28th ult., after five days' violent bombardment, Klobuk, the last refuge of the insurgents, surrendered. The destruction of the fortified rock was immediately begun. There is seemingly no further open resistance in the province. Upward of 4000 insurgents have fled to Servia, where they have become disarmed and interned. Among them are two pashas, 200 beys, and a whole battalion of nizams. They brought with them three Krupp guns, 1000 breech-loading rifles, horses, and stores. Small bands cross the frontier daily with their wives, children, and property. The Prince of Montenegro has ordered the leaders of the old Herzegovinian insurrection, who have been hitherto in the pay of Montenegro, to proceed with their bands to Bilek, where the Prince's father-in-law would formally surrender them to the Austrians. The Bulgarian radicals held a meeting at Pesth on the 29th ult., and adopted resolutions declaring that the occupation of Bosnia by Austria was fatal to the Hungarian nation, protesting against the sacrifice of blood and money of Hungarians against their wishes, and demanding the withdrawal of the army from Bosnia. The Hungarian ministry has resigned. The resignation of the Minister of Finance was accepted. The other ministers will withdraw their resignations only on the acceptance by the government of the following conditions: The issue of a joint Austro-Hungarian loan, the conclusion of a convention with the Porte, the reduction of the army in Bosnia, and the abandonment of the occupation of Novi-Bazar. The last condition has been already accepted. The second depends on the Porte. The Austrian cabinet opposes a joint loan, which would reduce the Austrian credit to the same level with the Hungarian; therefore, a conflict between the two cabinets is imminent.—The Porte has sent a circular to the powers, calling attention to the fact that the Greek government is trying to excite revolt in Thessaly and Epirus. Moreover, that Greece is preparing to place in the field within a month an army of 40,000 men, with a reserve of 35,000. This fact, conjointly with the large orders for supplies and a loan of $10,000,000, leaves no doubt of the aggressive intentions of Greece. Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales have advised the Grecian government to make conciliatory arrangements with Turkey.—The imperial Russian commission appointed to inquire into the army frauds have reported. They state that the corruption and venality were wide-spread. Five hundred officers, including forty colonels, are accused of the misapplication of money during the late war.—The British fleet withdrew from Princes' Islands on the 28th ult., after saluting the Turkish flag, and went to Artaki Bay, seventy miles southwest of Constantinople.

It is officially denied in St. Petersburg that Russia had any thing to do with the Ameer's rejection of the British mission. Intimations are said to have been made to England of Russia's intentions to recall immediately the mission to Afghanistan.

The City of Glasgow Bank closed its doors on the 2d inst., with liabilities stated at $50,000,000.

The German Socialist Bill, in the parliamentary committee, has passed its second reading in all essential points the same as after its first reading. The committee even retained two years and a half as the term of operation of this bill, notwithstanding the objection of Count von Eulenburg. The Emperor William, thanking the Reichstag for its recent address of sympathy, wrote as follows: "The gravity of the time is clear to all. We must each, according to his power, strive to avert the dangers threatening the safety of the state. The bill submitted to the Reichstag is intended to serve this end. My firm trust accompanies the labors of the Reichstag."—The negotiations between Germany and the Vatican are said to have failed. Prince Bismarck's ultimatum of obedience to the May laws was refused by the deposed bishops in a letter addressed to the Pope.

The boat-race between Hanlan and Courtney, at Lachine, on the St. Lawrence, on the 3d inst., was won by Hanlan, by a length and a quarter, in 36 minutes 22 seconds.



W. MURDOCK.

J. BLACKHAM.

G. H. BAILEY.

F. ALLAN.

H. BOYLE.

F. SPOFFORTH.

T. GARRETT.

D. W. GREGORY.

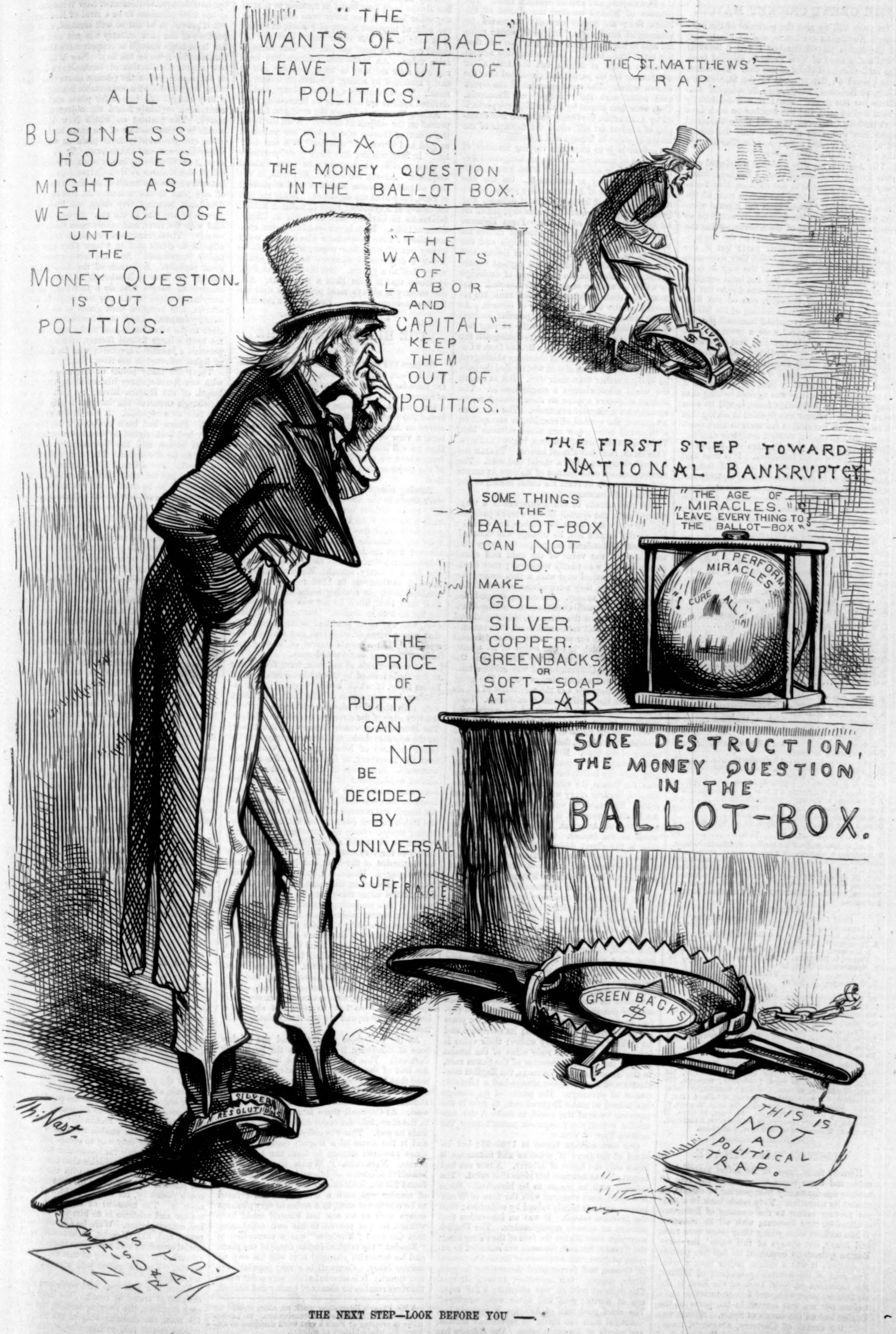
T. HORAN.

A. BANNERMAN.

C. BANNERMAN

J. CONWAY.

THE CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE AUSTRALIANS AND THE NEW YORKERS, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE AUSTRALIANS.—From Sketches and Photographs.—[See Page 830.]


ALL BUSINESS HOUSES MIGHT AS WELL CLOSE UNTIL THE MONEY QUESTION IS OUT OF POLITICS.
"THE WANTS OF TRADE." LEAVE IT OUT OF POLITICS.
CHAOS! THE MONEY QUESTION IN THE BALLOT BOX.
"THE WANTS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL".- KEEP THEM OUT OF POLITICS.
THE 'ST. MATTHEWS' TRAP.
SILVER
$
THE FIRST STEP TOWARD NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY
SOME THINGS THE BALLOT-BOX CAN NOT DO. MAKE GOLD. SILVER COPPER. GREENBACKS OR SOFT—SOAP AT PAR
"THE AGE OF MIRACLES." LEAVE EVERY THING TO THE BALLOT-BOX"
"I PERFORM MIRACLES" "I CURE ALL"
THE PRICE OF PUTTY CAN NOT BE DECIDED BY UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE
SURE DESTRUCTION, THE MONEY QUESTION IN THE BALLOT-BOX.
GREEN BACKS $
THIS IS NOT A POLITICAL TRAP.
SILVER RESOLUTION
THIS IS NOT A TRAP.
Th: Nast.

THE NEXT STEP—LOOK BEFORE YOU ——.

THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH.

On page 828 we give the portraits of the celebrated Australian cricketers, and an illustration of the match played October 1 and 2 between them and a team of New Yorkers, selected from the various cricket clubs of this city. The match was played on the grounds of the St. George's Club, at Hoboken, which were in splendid condition for the game. The turf was beautifully green and smooth, and the weather on both days was perfect. Between two and three thousand spectators witnessed the game, with the details of which our readers are already familiar through the reports in the daily papers.

The Australians, who achieved wonderful success during their recent visit to England, found very tough opponents in the eighteen New Yorkers, who were, it is true, the picked men of the New York clubs. It had been the general opinion that the play of the Australians would be so vastly superior to that of the Americans that the chief interest in the match would be the fine professional cricketing on their part; but if the Australians shared in this belief they were soon undeceived. The evenness of the play on both sides was remarkable; it had not been equalled in any previous match. This was due to the admirable bowling of **Sprague**, one of the New Yorkers, and the excellent fielding of his fellow-members. **Sprague** is an old base-ball pitcher, and his "daisy-clippers" were a great surprise to the Australians. It was their first experience with a base-ball bowler, and they were quite unprepared for it. The almost unparalleled feat of bowling fourteen maiden "overs" in succession was accomplished by **Sprague**, and when it is remembered that this was against batting that has acquired a world-wide fame, it will be seen that Captain **Gregory** was justified in saying that it required all the skill of his team to meet bowling of that character without complete disaster. The fielding of the New Yorkers was justifiably the admiration of all beholders. It is true that there were eighteen men in the field, but the Australians were marvellous men at striking and stealing runs whenever an opportunity was given them. With one or two exceptions the New Yorkers let no opportunity slip; the balls were well stopped, and each man did his work thoroughly and promptly.

We can not afford the space for a detailed description of the match, which ended on the second day in favor of the Australians, with five wickets to spare, but we append the full score for both days:

NEW YORK.

First Inning.		*Second Inning.*	
J. R. Moore, c. Spofforth, b. Spofforth	0	c. Boyle, b. Spofforth	4
C. W. Bance, b. Spofforth	15	c. and b. Boyle	11
A. Harvey, c. Garrett, b. Garrett	1	b. Spofforth	0
R. J. Cross, run out	0	c. Murdock, b. Spofforth	0
R. Greig, c. Blackham, b. Garrett	1	b. Allen	20
J. Soutter, c. Bailey, b. Garrett	0	c. A. Bannerman, b. Spofforth	12
A. Marsh, run out	8	c. Murdock, b. Spofforth	25
G. Giles, l. b. w., b. Garrett	0	b. Spofforth	3
J. Rogan, c. Blackham, b. Garrett	3	l. b. w., Spofforth	0
W. Brewster, b. Spofforth	0	c. Bailey, b. Horan	0
E. H. Moeran, c. Bailey, b. Spofforth	9	c. Allen, b. Horan	2
G. W. Stevens, b. Spofforth	0	b. Spofforth	0
E. J. Fraser, b. Garrett	0	l. b. w., b. Horan	5
J. B. Cashman, c. Garrett, b. Spofforth	13	b. Spofforth	3
J. B. Sleigh, b. Spofforth	6	l. b. w., b. Spofforth	2
J. P. Conner, b. Garrett	0	b. Spofforth	6
P. Allen, b. Garrett	0	not out	0
J. E. Sprague, not out	3	b. Spofforth	1
Byes, 2; leg byes, 2	4	Byes, 2; leg byes, 2	4
Total	63	Total	98

Bowling Analysis.—First Inning—Spofforth, 90 balls, 9 maidens, 8 wickets, 33 runs; Garrett, 88 balls, 10 maidens, 7 wickets, 26 runs. Second Inning—Spofforth, 112 balls, 14 maidens, 31 runs, 12 wickets; Garrett, 36 balls, 3 maidens, 23 runs; Boyle, 12 balls, 1 maiden, 12 runs, 1 wicket; Allen, 36 balls, 3 maidens, 14 runs, 1 wicket; Horan, 52 balls, 5 maidens, 14 runs, 3 wickets.

AUSTRALIANS.

First Inning.		*Second Inning.*	
C. Bannerman, c. Conover, b. Brewster	3	c. Rogan, b. Sprague	13
A. Bannerman, c. Sleigh, b. Brewster	1	c. Conover, b. Brewster	9
T. Horan, b. Brewster	1	b. Brewster	16
F. Spofforth, c. Giles, b. Brewster	9	b. Soutter	23
D. W. Gregory, b. Brewster	4	not out	23
W. M. Murdock, run out	5	not out	0
J. L. Bailey, b. Sprague	8		
Blackham, b. Brewster	0		
Garrett, c. Cross, b. Brewster	4		
Boyle, not out	19	c. Marsh, b. Brewster	3
Allan, b. Soutter	13		
Byes, 2; wides, 1	3	Byes, 3; leg byes, 2	5
Total	70	Total	92

Bowling Analysis.—First Inning—Brewster, 148 balls, 22 maidens, 24 runs, 7 wickets; Sprague, 170 balls, 27 maidens, 28 runs, 1 wicket; Soutter, 107 balls, 3 maidens, 7 runs, 1 wicket; Harvey, 6 balls, 4 runs, 1 wide. Second Inning—Brewster, 184 balls, 43 runs, 27 maidens, 3 wickets; Sprague, 184 balls, 34 runs, 27 maidens, 1 wicket; Soutter, 20 balls, 4 runs, 3 maidens, 1 wicket; Moeran, 19 balls, 6 runs, 3 maidens.

HISTORICAL COINAGE.

History finds much of its safest material in coins, and these silent witnesses of the fate of nations are constantly re-appearing to sustain or amend its narrative. They reach back in a long yet varying career to the opening of European civilization, they fluctuate with all its changes. When nations were young their coins were rude and heavy, but always of full value: the early Roman quincussis contained its full five pounds of copper; it was a weight rather than a coin. The gold of the flourishing sea-port of Miletus, the Liverpool or New York of the East, is the earliest we meet with, and five centuries or more before our era was current in the ports of the Euxine and on the coasts of Spain. Miletus was long the centre of discovery, adventure, trade; its **Raleighs** and **Cabots** followed in the path of the Phœnicians, and almost equalled them. The colonies of Miletus covered the shores of the Black Sea; an honest currency supported its commercial enterprises. In Lydia, where coins are said to have been first used, it is also said that the retail trade began. Gold coins were seldom or never struck at Athens, but the Attic silver was famous for its purity, and circulated over the known world. The most splendid of the Greek gold coins were the "philips" of Macedonia. They were first coined by **Philip II.**, were perfected by **Alexander** the Great, and these fine examples of ancient art still adorn the cabinets of the lovers of coins in Europe and America.

Curious is it to trace the varying features of the rulers of mankind on these unchangeable memorials. Their countenances often almost indicate their history or confirm it. On the fine coins and medals of **Alexander** we see the hero's striking face, half intellectual, half debased and brutal. Smyrna, proud of its ancestry, places on its coins the head of **Homer**. From Ephesus come countless medals and pieces of money inscribed with the image of the temple and the form of its Diana. On the coins of Greece and Rome appear the symbols of the earliest republicans. Republics began the system of exchange by which all modern business is transacted. Archons of Athens, officials of various rank, are recorded on the fine silver money of Greece. At Rome grave consulars, tribunes, popular leaders, engrave their names or faces on the varying currency. It is easy to detect them, to distinguish the republican from the monarch, a Brutus from a Caligula, the higher elements of character shining out from the countenances of men who studied the public welfare rather than their own. But at length the world acknowledges a single master. The Roman emperors appear on their coinage represented with a singular exactness. The fair, false **Augustus**, the symbol of reaction, is stamped on a thousand coins; one can never mistake him. Then comes the brutal **Tiberius**, heavy **Claudius**, **Vespasian**, rude but almost honest. **Trajan** the beloved shines on many a medal and coin. The gentle, pleasant countenance of **Marcus Aurelius** still smiles upon us from his metal shield, or the dead face of **Commodus**.

The gold aureus of the **Antonines** is a magnificent coin, the symbol of the world's prosperity. It was worth about five dollars and a dime; but as the empire fell, its coinage was debased. The tyrants plundered the people by every art; they lowered the value of the gold and silver money until it was nearly worthless; they circulated pieces washed over with a thin coating for gold and silver; they were advocates of inflation and "absolute" money. Commerce stopped, the world stood still, until **Constantine**—perhaps **Diocletian**—reformed the currency, issued gold and silver coins of full value, and fixed at Constantinople that taste for pure money—that financial honesty—to which it owed much of its wealth and its renown. Through the Middle Ages the gold bezant of Constantinople was seldom tampered with, was almost always pure. The great city on the Bosporus was the wealthiest of all, its revenues in the twelfth century enormous. Soon after, Venice, in the fullness of its commercial greatness, began to coin its excellent gold and silver; and the mints of Florence poured forth a ceaseless tide of gold florins, the purest and finest money of the time. Even the Mohammedans of Syria imitated the bezant of Constantinople, changing only the inscriptions. The solidus, the aureus, the bezant, the splendid coins of the Roman Empire, became every where the instruments of trade. The modern coins imitate their value. An English sovereign is worth a little less than a solidus, an American half eagle not quite so much as the bezant. Our most common gold coin is the direct descendant of that on which shone the mild faces of **Trajan** and **Marcus Aurelius**, or the earlier, still more splendid, stater of **Alexander** and republican Miletus.

Honest money and commercial and manufacturing greatness have always appeared together. Its coins are the surest indications of the character of each government, of its prosperity, its decay. Weak, dishonest governments have always debased the currency; strong ones improve it. The stern, vindictive, ruthless rulers of Venice kept their gold pure in the midst of ceaseless wars. Holland became the centre of commercial honor and greatness; its credit and its wealth are still unlimited. England in **Elizabeth**'s reign reformed its currency, imitated Holland; it has steadily pursued its practice of preserving a perfect purity in coinage; it has had for sixty years the best currency in the world; its sovereign and its shilling circulate every where; their value is immutable. From the rude coins of the honest **Alfred**, the common ancestor of the Saxon race, to the latest money of **Victoria**, the English merchants and farmers have always had a tolerable means of exchange. The purity of its coinage has helped to make England rich, to give it the carrying trade of the world, to make it the successful usurer, the prosperous manufacturer, the modern Tyre or Venice.

Our own coinage began in 1786–93; but instead of the faces of senators and monarchs, it bears only the figure of Liberty. A new era had begun; it was not men but ideas that ruled. The coinage with us ceases to be historical. Some few coins were stamped with the face of **Washington**, and are highly valued by collectors; then the practice ceased. It was an innovation that marked an austere republicanism. The English sovereign bore always the face of the ruling king: the **Tudors**, **Stuarts**, **Georges** are recorded in varying outlines; the emperors of Rome, the tyrants of Greece, had perpetuated themselves in gold, silver, copper. Our ancestors altered all this. The decimal coinage was adopted; a full measure of purity; gold and silver were employed. The chief gold coin of America is scarcely less beautiful than the stater of republican Miletus, and nearly of the same value. The coinage has steadily improved in purity and excellence; it has always been kept equal in fineness to that of any other land; it has never been debased, like the coin of imperial Rome, of France, of Spain. It is only in the new silver dollar that our national credit has been tainted, our coin borne a false value. An ineffectual attempt has been made to alter the laws of trade, and this can be easily amended by adding a sufficient weight of metal. Trade demands a perfect coinage, and all civilized nations are bound by its immutable rule.

Among uncultivated races the strangest fancies prevail on the subject of money. Even to-day on the coast of Guinea cowry shells are preferred to gold and silver, an "absolute" to a real coinage. In Staffordshire they forge great quantities of these shells; the negroes take them without suspicion. Among the ancient Mexicans, in the land of gold, the cocoa bean was used as money; in Peru, the pod of the capsicum. Beads are still the money of Abyssinia; rings of metal in Nubia; fish-hooks in Ceylon; bars of metal in China; silver in India. Even in our own intelligent communities we have enthusiasts who hope to make money out of worthless paper, who profess to prefer a depreciated currency to a real one, a cowry shell to a guinea. But the history of money shows that it must have a real value. And the country is always most prosperous that has the best coinage.* **Eugene Lawrence.**

THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON.

On page 832 we have another view of the beautiful Hudson, which will make a suitable companion piece for the engraving published in the *Weekly* of September 7. In the article which accompanied it our readers will perhaps remember that we followed the example of the artist, and located ourselves on Anthony's Nose, from which point we took a view of the surrounding country. This time we will imagine ourselves sailing northward from where we were then, and follow the course of the majestic river until we arrive in Newburgh Bay.

Turning sharply around Anthony's Nose, the river bends to the northeast, and passes between hilly banks without much variety or indentation until it reaches West Point. This is to many the most interesting spot on the river. It is beautifully and romantically situated, and is inscribed all over with the history of the country. West Point was selected as early as 1783 as a suitable site for a military school. **Washington** in his Message to Congress in 1783 recommended its establishment, but nothing was done in relation to it until 1802, when an act was passed providing for such an institution. Not until 1812, however, was any thing practical accomplished. In that year a corps of engineers and teachers was appointed, and a mixed course of literary and military training was decided upon.

The western side of the river, from West Point to the angle formed by the noble mountain called Storm King, of which a view is given in our engraving, is a succession of lofty cliffs alternating with hills that rise, clothed with verdure, from the very edge of the river to a considerable height. The Storm King, which forms with Breakneck, on the opposite shore, the famous entrance to the broad expanse of Newburgh Bay, is no other than the Boterberg, or Butter Hill, of our Dutch ancestors. Seen from the river, this mountain is almost semi-circular in form, and its name has been accounted for by the resemblance its shape bears to the great half globes of butter, set upon flat boards and covered with pieces of linen, which the Dutch carried down to market in their slow-sailing sloops. Once the Boterberg rose abruptly from the river with a springing curve that continued to the very summit, but of late years it has been quarried at the base, and its outline materially changed. Breakneck, on the opposite shore, has also suffered in the same manner. On the face of the latter there used to be seen a huge mass of rock projecting against the eastern sky having a strong resemblance to a human face. Workmen quarrying the face of the cliff accidentally broke off this mass of rock, and destroyed what had long been looked upon as a great curiosity, and watched for with much interest by travellers on the river. Between Breakneck and Butter Hill the river is deep and narrow. The rocky shores, composed principally of granite and gneiss, with magnetic iron ore interspersed, rise from 1000 to 1600 feet above the level of the river, and are but thinly clothed with trees.

As the steamboat sweeps round the mighty base of Boterberg it approaches the landing at Cornwall. This little settlement lies mostly at the foot of the terrace which extends along the road that leads from the river to the plain above, and there spreads out in a rambling way until it almost touches Canterbury, lying further to the west. At Cornwall there is a deep indentation in the shore, into the upper end of which a stream finds its way. This was called Murderer's Creek, and is the scene of a tragedy enacted in early times romantic enough to form the basis of a drama. **Nathaniel P. Willis**, the poet, whose beautiful residence of Idlewild is near Cornwall, found his sensibilities shocked by the association of murder with such a lovely spot, and refused to be comforted until, in a series of very pleasant essays such as no one but himself could have written, he had proved to his own satisfaction that the word "Murderer" was a corruption of "Moodna," the original Indian name of the place, and he forthwith changed it to suit his own romantic fancy. Cornwall is a very popular summer resort. It is situated at the very point where the river reaches its climax of beauty and interest.

Just above Cornwall lies the once prosperous but now decayed settlement of New Windsor. It at one time promised to be a rival of Newburgh, but it proved to be not so well situated, and the produce of the back country was not and never has been large enough to support more than one considerable town on the bay. New Windsor is now simply a collection of tumble-down houses on the shore; but on the plateau above there are many large farms, with comfortable houses, which, if they sought this region for peace and retirement, have certainly found the objects of their search. The plateau on which New Windsor stands is a continuation of the same broad, spacious, and remarkably level plain on which lie Upper Cornwall and Canterbury. To all appearance, New Windsor is better situated than Newburgh, and it seems as if the larger growth of the latter town was the result of accident rather than of any plan in the matter. At Newburgh the river-bank becomes very steep, and there is no plateau of any size at the top. Streets run parallel with the river, and others cross them transversely. These transverse streets are at all times difficult to climb, and in winter they are often nearly impassable. Still the town grows with great rapidity. A branch of the Erie Railway reaches the river at Newburgh, and there are a number of barges that do a thriving business carrying produce to the city and manufactured articles, and bringing back goods to supply the country dealers. Large store-houses may be seen close to the river-bank, and at the upper end of the town a large flannel factory, which at night presents a beautiful spectacle, with its hundreds of lights reflected in the river.

There are many points of interest connected with our Revolutionary history along the whole length of the Hudson River; but just back of Newburgh occurred the incident which decided our fate as a republic. It was in the spring of 1783. Peace had been declared, a preliminary treaty had been signed by Great Britain and the United States, and the Continental army was about to be disbanded. The civil confederacy was weak. For a long time Congress had been unable to pay the army, and officers and soldiers were likely to be sent home penniless, as the creditors of the country whose independence they had achieved. Secret consultations were held among a few of the officers. They had lost faith in the Congress, and begun to doubt the feasibility of republican government, and some of them indirectly offered the power and title of king to **Washington**. He spurned the proposition with indignation. Then an appeal to the officers of the army was written and secretly disseminated, in which grievances were set forth, and they were advised to take matters in their own hands, and, in effect, to form a military despotism, if Congress did not immediately provide for their pay. **Washington** was informed of the movement. He resolved to control it without seeming to oppose it. He called a meeting of the officers, and the suspected ringleader of the movement was asked to preside. When all were assembled, **Washington** stepped forward and read them a powerful appeal to their patriotism. His first words before opening the paper touched every heart. "You see, gentlemen," he said, as he placed his spectacles before his eyes, "that I have grown not only gray but blind in your service." His address, as usual, was short, pointed, convincing, and most persuasive. The spirit of mutiny and revolt shrank abashed, and the assembly resolved unanimously "that the officers of the American army view with abhorrence and reject with disdain the infamous propositions contained in the late anonymous address to the officers of the army."

One of the most interesting monuments of the Revolution is the old "**Hasbrouck** house," which still stands at Newburgh. It was built by **Jonathan Hasbrouck** in 1750, and is known to visitors as "Washington's Head-Quarters." It has been the property of the State for several years, and a sufficient annual appropriation is made to keep it and the grounds about it in good order. Within it are collected many relics of the Revolution, the war of 1812, and the war with Mexico.

TOO LATE FOR THE COACH.

There is somehow a sentiment abroad that our ancestors were never in a hurry. We think of them as slow old folk, who ate and drank and slept with tranquillity, fulfilled their duties leisurely and with precision, and never suffered themselves to be moved from the even tenor of their way. Still, human nature is the same in every age, and for a country gentleman and his wife, on pleasure bent, to lose the coach, fifty years ago, was quite as exasperating as for a city magnate of the present day to miss his elevated railway train when bound "down town." The party in our engraving on page 833 are passing through an experience common to all people who travel, either from duty or inclination, and one which no philosophy will enable the victim to endure patiently. The only way to escape such trials is to form no schemes for locomotion which involve the co-operation of vehicles that travel on time. This is evidently the case with the servant in our picture. He preserves his equanimity as the coach passes by, for he had no idea of travelling upon it. The moment of anxious haste to his master and mistress is to him one of philosophical contemplation. Were he a student of Shakspeare, and, like Hamlet, accustomed to weight trivial occasions with ponderous rhetoric, he might remark, after the manner of that eloquent misanthrope, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

There is a vast deal said nowadays about the delights of travel by coach. We hear about the easy cushions, the swaying motion, the music of the horn, the cheering snap of the whip, the excellent stories told by him who drives, the obsequious attentions of the guard, and the glories of the scenery, enjoyed at leisure, without noise, or dust, or smoke. All this may impose upon the few who base their enthusiasm upon the representations of Colonel Kane and his fellow-devotees to the coaching art, or who have had just as much experience of such pleasures as may be accumulated on the top of a drag flying between the Hotel Brunswick and Pelham. Coaching as a serious business was any thing but delightful, if we may trust the testimony of our forefathers, who were forced to make their pleasure and business trips in that way. Even Leigh Hunt, that most delightful of poets and essayists, who was always prone to find romance and enjoyment in every common experience of life, gives the following melancholy account of what must be suffered during a journey by coach:

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* Mr. **Prime**'s interesting work on coins should be consulted, or **Eckhel**'s very extensive one. M. **Lenormant** is printing at Paris a vast work designed to embrace the whole history of coinage.

"The pleasure to be had in a mail-coach is not so much at one's command as that of a post-chaise. There is generally too little room in it and too much hurry out of it. The company must not lounge over their breakfast, even if they are all agreed. It is an understood thing that they are to be uncomfortably punctual. They must get in at seven o'clock, though they are all going upon business they do not like or care about, or will have to wait till nine before they can do any thing. Some persons know how to manage this haste, and can breakfast and dine in the cracking of a whip. They stick with their fork, they joint, they tear, they bolt. Legs and wings vanish before them like a dragon before a knight-errant. But if one is not a clergyman or a regular jolly fellow, one has no chance this way. To be diffident or polite is fatal. It is a merit eagerly acknowledged and as easily set aside. At last you begin upon a leg, and are called off. A very troublesome degree of science is necessary for being well settled in a coach. We remember travelling in our youth upon the north road with an orthodox elderly gentleman of venerable peruke who talked much with a grave-looking young man about universities, and won our inexperienced heart with a notion that he was deep in Homer and Virgil. He was deeper in his wig. Toward evening, as he seemed restless, we asked with much diffidence whether a change even for the worse would not relieve him; for we were riding backward, and thought that all elderly people disliked that way. He insinuated the very objection, so we recoiled from asking him again. In a minute or two, however, he insisted that we were uneasy ourselves, and that he must relieve us for our own sake. We protested as filially as possible against this; but at last, out of mere shame at disputing the point with so benevolent an elder, we changed seats with him. After an interval of bland meditation, we found the evening sun full in our face. His new comfort set him dozing, and every now and then he jerked his wig in our eyes, until we had the pleasure of seeing him take out a night-cap and look very ghastly. The same person and his serious young companion tricked us out of a good bed we happened to get at the inn."

Coaches were also regarded with much disfavor at the time of their introduction by the more sober portion of the community, who could see no good in such incentives to restlessness. They increased and multiplied, however, to such an extent in the city of London that at one time the coach traffic through the narrow thoroughfares began to be looked upon as a serious nuisance. Several methods were suggested for repressing them; heavy taxes were levied on all persons below a certain rank who possessed such a vehicle. Finally, other measures having proved unavailing, in January, 1635, King Charles issued a proclamation "for restraint of the multitude and promiscuous use of coaches about London and Westminster." From the terms of this document it would appear that the great number of hackney-coaches in these localities had become a great source of annoyance to "the king, the queen, the nobility, and others of place" in their progress through the streets. The streets were also so "pestered" and the pavement so broken up that the common passage was hindered and made dangerous, and the prices of hay and provender alarmingly increased.

Another misery that our ancestors suffered in coaching came from what Captain Malet calls the "dangers of the road." Among these were highwaymen and robbers of all descriptions; but the evils by no means the least to be dreaded were amateur coachmen and "galloping coaches." In these days ambitious youth works off its muscular energy by means of base-ball and boat-races. Fifty years ago there was no sport for a young collegian when on a journey equal to driving the coach. These irrepressible spirits were the source of much consternation throughout the country, and people sought redress, much as they do now in cases of similar outrage, by writing to the newspapers. One indignant gentleman, who signs himself "Old Traveller," writes to the *Sporting Magazine*, published in England in 1822, a letter complaining of a contributor named "Nimrod:" "Mr. Editor,—I wish you would have the goodness to request that he will inform us how we are to travel fifty miles by coach without having our necks broken or our limbs shattered and amputated. It is really heart-rending to hear of the dreadful accidents that befall his Majesty's subjects now on their travels through the country. In my younger days, when I was on the eve of setting out on a journey, my wife was in the habit of giving me her parting blessing, concluding with the words: 'God bless you, my dear; I hope you will not be robbed.' But it is now changed to 'God bless you, my dear; I hope you will not get your neck broken, and that you will bring all your legs safe home again.' Now, Mr. Editor, this neck-breaking and leg-amputating is all because one daring rascal wishes to show that he is a better coachman than another daring rascal, or because one proprietor on the road is determined not to be outdone by another proprietor on the road." Later on, this epistle, which is long enough to insure its instant deposit in the waste-basket by an editor of the present day, says: "A friend of mine coming up to town a short time since by one of these galloping coaches was upset and much injured. On going to sympathize with him in his misfortune, he informed me that the accident was occasioned by the leaders taking one road and the wheelers another. 'My God!' said I, 'what was the coachman about? was he asleep, or drunk?' 'Neither,' replied my friend; 'he had nothing to do with it; a young Oxonian was driving.'"

After all, the jolly part of coaching is the romance flung around it by those who have lived far enough beyond the "good old times" to forget their discomforts and miseries. There are no days like the present for pleasant travel, and the best way to get over the road is on steel rails and in a Pullman car.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The annual report of the Scottish fisheries for 1877 has just been published by the Commissioners of the Fishery Board of Scotland, from which it appears that the yield was very much more productive than that of 1876: 847,718 barrels were cured, of which 561,985 were exported, and 397,795 barrels were branded, the fees for which yielded over $33,000. Compared with the catch of 1876, there is an increase of nearly 250,000 barrels cured. Although the yield was actually better than that of 1876, yet, as in that year, the fishing interests suffered very much from storms, which prevented the fishermen from visiting the localities where the fish were to be taken. A certain average of such difficulties is, of course, always to be expected, but they have never been so restrictive for many years as in 1876; and had a better state of things prevailed in 1877, the result would have been much larger. The quality of the herring was considered not quite equal to that of previous years, although in some localities the catch was exceptionally good, a single net having, on the 19th of September, in one night realized a sum amounting to $1750. It is stated in the report that the use of the thermometer and barometer in determining the proper times and seasons for the work of the fishermen is continually on the increase, the parties concerned having found that there is nothing so reliable to advise them when to stay in port and when to go out. The fishery of the cod and ling was also better than that of 1876, 187,200 quintals having been cured dry, and 8619 in pickle, the export consisting of 73,368 quintals dry cured. The number of fishing boats employed amounted to 14,623; of fishermen and boys, 45,890. The estimated value of boats and gear was $5,892,060.

Dr. Mohn writes to the London *Nature* in regard to the later movements of the Norwegian North Atlantic Expedition, stating that it left Hammerfest on the 13th of July for its trip westward. On the 17th, in latitude 73° 10′ N. and longitude 3° 22′ W., it unexpectedly met the ice of the Greenland arctic current, and was obliged to turn eastward and northward, returning to Hammerfest on the 24th. On the Spitzbergen bank the temperature of the water was determined to be 32.36° F. The soundings show that there was a ridge 1200 to 1300 fathoms deep between Bear Island and Jan-Mayen. Many specimens were secured, especially of the genus *Lycodes*. It is an interesting fact that the steamer *Speedwell*, of the United States Fish Commission, both last year and this, has procured a species of *L. verrilli* in the deep cold waters off the New England coast. In the last two cross sections the line of 32° F. was found at a depth of 500 fathoms, but in latitude 72¼° N. and longitude 6° E. this temperature is found at less than thirty fathoms. The border of the Greenland arctic current shows the same phenomenon as that observed in the northern fiords, viz., a minimum of temperature at say forty fathoms depth, and a second maximum about 32° F. in, say, 100 fathoms, and the absolute minimum of 29.48° F. at the sea-bottom.

Mr. J. Fordos, vice-president of the Paris Chemical Society, died in Paris in August last. He was especially interested in the applications of the science of chemistry to the industrial arts.

The exploring ship *Alert*, employed in the recent British arctic exploring expedition, is now being fitted out for service in the Pacific Ocean, as before, under the charge of Sir George Nares, best known as the first commander of the *Challenger*. The first work will be an examination of the inner waters leading from the Straits of Magellan along the sea-board of Chili, thence to the Feejee Islands, taking the Low Archipelago to the Society and Friendly Islands *en route*. She will then proceed to survey the dangers lying on the track of navigation between the latter region and New Zealand, and finally be employed off the northwestern coast of Australia in ascertaining and charting the various reefs and islands extending between Australia and the ports of the Dutch Indies.

The death, at the age of seventy, of Professor William Monroe Davis, is announced as having taken place at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 21st of July last. When quite advanced in life Professor Davis took up the study of astronomy, and has long been known as an original thinker and laborer in this field. After the resignation by Professor O. M. Mitchell as director of the Cincinnati Observatory, he was succeeded by Professor Davis, who remained in charge for some considerable time. Of late years he has not been actively employed in any work, with the exception of the construction of a telescope, which has done excellent service in his hands.

Recent advices, up to the beginning of September, have been received from Professor Hayden, in the geyser regions of the Yellowstone, where the work of the survey was being prosecuted with great energy. Shoshone has been thoroughly mapped and explored, and the Mammoth Hot Spring was next to be visited. Mr. Jackson has made large numbers of superb photographs of the geysers and other points of interest. Investigations into the temperature, composition, and other features of the hot springs are being carefully made, and a map is in progress on the scale of one inch to the mile. The object is to show the region with the most absolute accuracy, so that any changes that may occur, either by natural agencies or by the hand of man, may be at once appreciated. The survey of Point of Rocks, on the Union Pacific Railroad, along the west side of the Wind River Mountain, will next be attempted; thence he will proceed, by Snake River, on the east side of the Teton range, to the sources of the Snake River. Dr. Hayden expected, after spending the month of September in the Park, to return along the east side of the Wind River Mountains, *via* Camp Brown, to Rawlins, on the Union Pacific Railroad, thence to Cheyenne, which point it was hoped to reach about the 20th of October, and there to close up the work of the year.

The prospectus of an American microscopical journal, to appear in October, and to be continued quarterly, has just been issued. It is under the editorship of Romeyn Hitchcock, of New York, and is intended to contain original articles by prominent writers, and notices of the more important publications on the subject appearing elsewhere. It will also be the organ of the New York Microscopical Society. The first number is to contain a monograph, by J. D. Hyatt, on the "Stings of the Honey-Bee." The list of expected contributors embraces some of our best specialists in microscopy, such as Dr. R. H. Ward, Professor Hamilton L. Smith, and Professor Burt G. Wilder.

Nature announces the death in Jena, on the 25th of July, of Professor C. E. Langethal, the well-known agricultural botanist of Germany, born at Erfurt in 1806.

We have already noticed from time to time the movements of Mr. F. A. Ober, who has been engaged for two years under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution in exploring the natural history of the West India Islands. His researches relate more particularly to the birds, his object being to secure the typical forms of all the islands, so that the West Indian fauna can be studied as a whole, his attention not being confined to one or two only of the islands. He has been extremely successful in his work, and has sent in numerous collections of much interest, embracing many new species, together with quite a series known previously by single specimens only. Last advices were dated Martinique, August 18. He expected to start for Guadeloupe on the 20th of August, and to proceed thence to Marie Galant, returning to the United States by the end of September.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Many physicians and sanitarians in our country are of opinion that the yellow fever epidemic which has ravaged the Mississippi Valley might have been prevented or checked in the beginning of its career, only the knowledge of effectual measures was lacking. Therefore, by the advice of members of the American Public Health Association, the Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service has appointed a special commission to investigate the scourge. Professor S. M. Bemiss, M.D., of New Orleans, has been selected as chairman of the commission, and all the gentlemen associated with him are practical sanitarians. Dr. Bemiss is a native of Kentucky, a graduate of the University of New York, and at present Professor of Medicine in the University of Louisiana, and editor of the New Orleans *Medical and Surgical Journal*. The great object of the investigation is to obtain all important facts possible which have reference to measures of prevention of future epidemics; but the first inquiries and observations are to be directed especially to the causes of the epidemic of the present season, leaving more general inquiries into the history of the yellow fever to be prosecuted subsequently. The sixth annual meeting of the American Public Health Association will be postponed until the probable cessation of the epidemic, having been appointed to commence on November 19 at Richmond, Virginia. The attention of this meeting will be wholly devoted to the yellow fever epidemic and the results of the investigations of this special commission. It is believed that the promptness of the present investigation may develop most valuable information in regard to the prevention and cure of yellow fever.

Upon the grounds of Bellevue Hospital a new building is nearly completed, which is to be used for surgical operations alone. It is a one-story building, 135 feet in length by 35 feet wide, and is located south of the western wing of the main hospital. The total cost of this new hospital is about $20,000; and this expense is paid by William H. Osborne, a benevolent citizen of New York. Another building is to be erected on the grounds of Bellevue for the accommodation of insane patients, and $10,000 have been appropriated to this purpose. It will contain twenty rooms, and be so constructed that the inmates will have plenty of sun and air.

In July last a great public meeting was held in Samoa to celebrate the ratification of the treaty of friendship and commerce between the United States and the Samoan government. At least 10,000 persons assembled from the various islands of the group, and were jubilant over the ratification of the treaty.

Among the additions and improvements which have been made during vacation weeks at Harvard College is the partial completion of the new gymnasium building, near the scientific school buildings. It will not, however, be finished before another year. The books have been removed from the old part of the library to the new wing. The old library is to be remodelled and made fire-proof.

Six hundred Mormons recently arrived from Liverpool in the steam-ship *Wyoming*. Two hundred and fifty more are soon expected, and that number will make over two thousand arrivals of Mormons at Castle Garden since spring.

An exchange, in commenting upon "our customers abroad," states that during one week recently 900 barrels of alcohol were shipped to Marseilles, and remarks that as this would amount to 46,800 barrels in a year, if continued, we are not likely to lack for imported brandy! But other articles besides alcohol are largely exported. Cuba, during the same week, demanded 7000 barrels of potatoes, 96 crates of cabbages, and 235 barrels of apples. Even Africa called for goods valued at $118,808, among which was a large quantity of petroleum. The entire shipments of petroleum during the week were more than four and a half millions of gallons.

The Galveston (Texas) *News* contains an interesting sketch of the sanitary condition of that city during the past decade. Not a single case of yellow fever has been reported from that place this year, although in past times it has had frequent epidemics. The last time Galveston suffered a severe epidemic of the fever was in 1867. At that time there was standing water beneath many of the houses of the city, and in such localities it was observed that the disease was most fatal. Afterward the grade of the city was raised, the space under buildings where there was stagnant water was filled up with sand, and the drainage was greatly improved. During the summer months sanitary inspections from house to house have been frequent and thorough, and during all these years yellow fever has not been again epidemic. In 1873, when the fever was very fatal at Memphis, Shreveport, and some places in Texas, Galveston allowed itself to be a city of refuge to people from interior towns fleeing from the disease, and although a number who had contracted the fever elsewhere died in the city, there was not a single case known in which it was contracted in Galveston. The citizens believe that with proper sanitary precautions this pestilence need not again ravage their city.

A curious package was retained as "unmailable" in the searchers' department at the New York Post-office not long ago. It was a small tin case containing a very beautiful insect of the spider species. It was addressed to Sir John Lubbock, the banker-entomologist, of London. The spider was nearly an inch in length. The body, head, and legs were of a glossy black color, but the pelvic sac was covered with a velvety growth of fine hair of a brilliant orange hue. The insect was alive, and was supplied with provision in the shape of a lump of sugar fastened to the bottom of the tin case.

The up-town public schools of New York city are much overcrowded, and, as a necessary result, sufficient ventilation is almost impossible, and the health of pupils suffers.

The oldest citizen of Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. James B. Hosmer, recently died at the age of ninety-seven years. During his life he bequeathed to the Connecticut Theological Institute of Hartford the sum of $102,000, and by his will he left to it $100,000 additional. He also gave by his will sums varying from $1000 to $5000 to about fifteen other charitable or missionary societies.

On the occasion of the marriage of Prince Henry of the Netherlands with the Princess Marie, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Germany, the bride wore a splendid robe of silver cloth, displayed jewelry valued at 2,500,000 German marks, including a magnificent necklace, which had been made at Berlin, composed of diamonds, sapphires, and several other precious stones, of the value of 1,250,000 francs. The design of the necklace was taken from one of Holbein's paintings, and is said to be unrivalled in point of splendor and elegance.

An engineer of Springfield, Massachusetts, has put into successful operation a "twine telephone," which extends across the Connecticut River, a distance of 1426 feet.

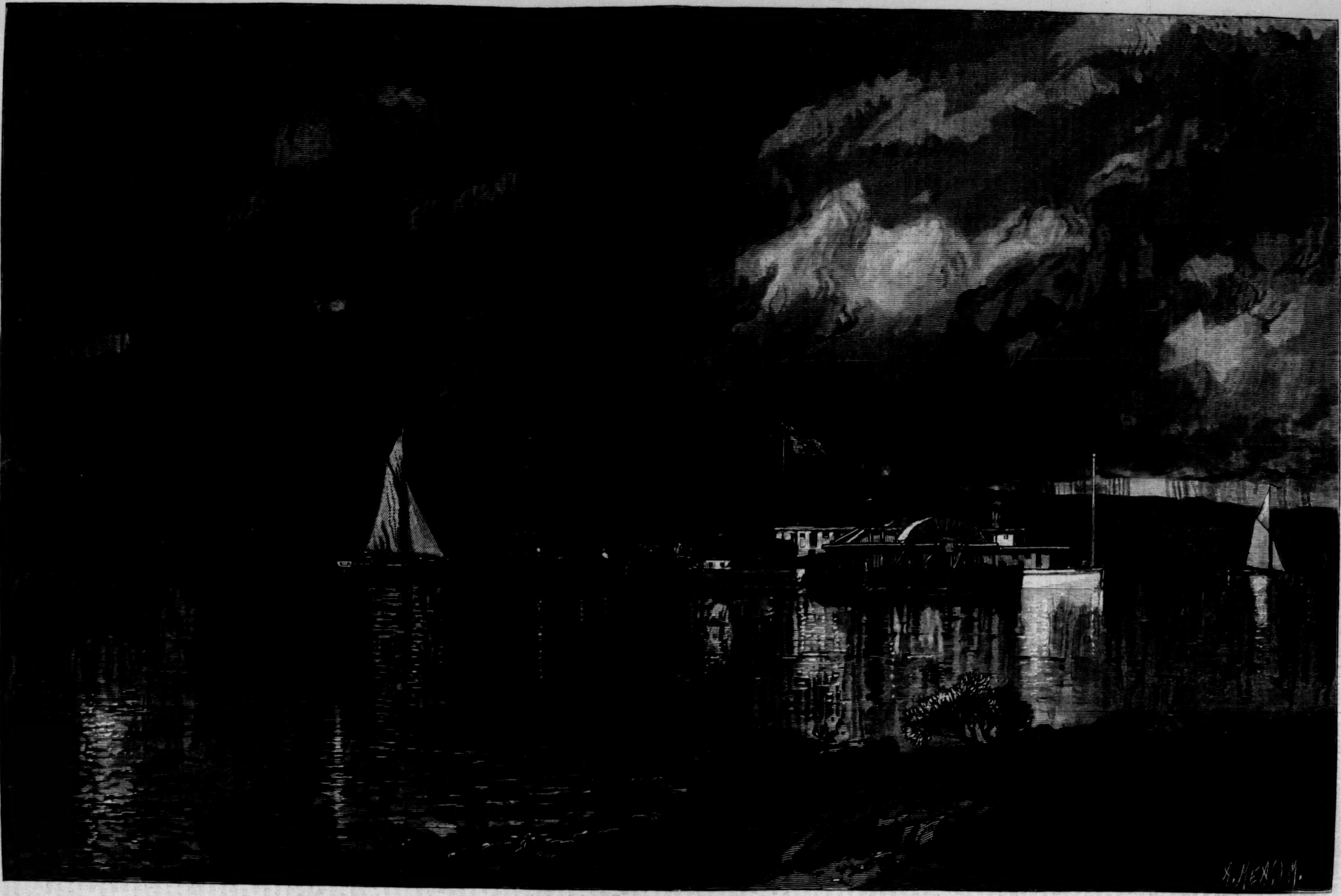
Suggestions have been made relating to a Grand International Exhibition to be held in the city of New York in the year 1889. It is thought by the proposers that this would be a fitting mode of celebrating the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, the first President elected by the people of the United States under the Constitution, and also the centennial anniversary of the establishment of constitutional government upon democratic principles by the people of this country.

The northern coast of France has few good harbors, and that at Boulogne scarcely deserves the name. But the parliament of France have passed a resolution for making a new and splendid deep-sea harbor at that port, and the municipality recently celebrated this decision by a general jubilee. The future harbor will be a water area of 339 acres, inclosed on three sides by breakwaters of solid stone, and having at low tide a depth of twenty-six feet. A steam-packet quay, 400 meters long by 200 broad, will extend into the centre of this area. It is estimated that this extensive work will cost 17,000,000 francs, and require fifteen years for completion. A portion, however, may be ready for use in five years.

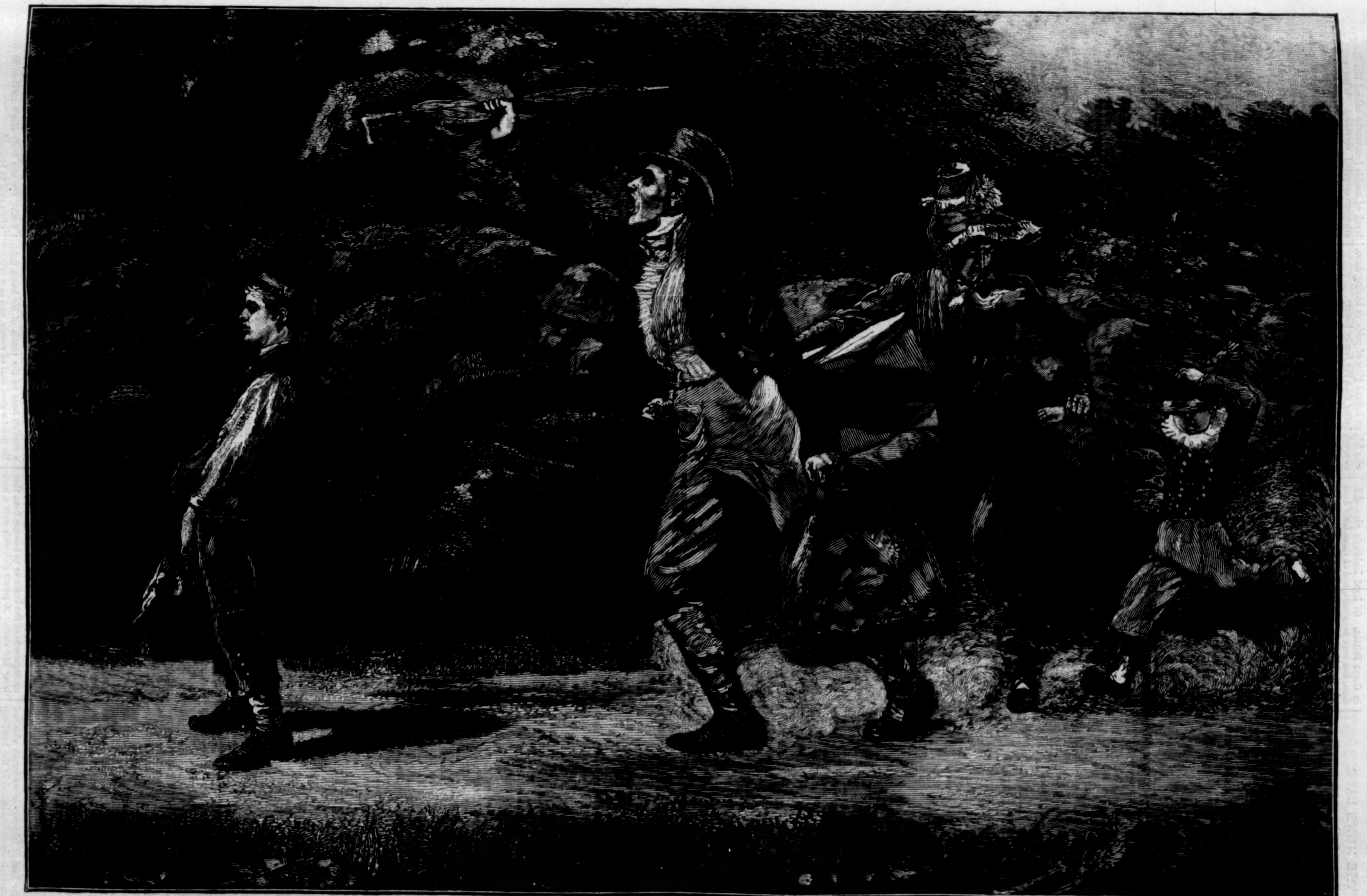
Paris has not been backward to send relief to the yellow fever sufferers.

A simple remedy for the Colorado beetle and the common potato-bug is recommended in an exchange, and is so simple and inexpensive that farmers might well give it a trial. Put a few gallons of gas tar into a barrel, and add water to it. When the bugs appear, give them a liberal sprinkling with the tar water. If the rain washes it off, repeat the dose. It is said that this will cause the bugs to retire from the premises altogether.

A few weeks ago Dr. J. Theus Taylor, a prosperous physician of this city, but a native of the South, felt impelled to offer his services to the Howard Association of New Orleans. He had, many years ago, passed safely through the yellow fever himself, and was acquainted with the treatment of the disease. Friends depicted the danger to which he would be exposed, as one attack is not a safeguard, and he was fully conscious that he was liable to contract the disease. Yet he said physicians were needed there, and his life was not more valuable than others, and that he was not afraid to die if death must come in the course of rendering services to the suffering. So he quietly went to New Orleans, paying all his own expenses. He was at once sent to Morgan City, and afterward to Lagonda Plantation. At this latter place he was stricken with fever while in the midst of his faithful exertions for the sick. Knowing his danger, he at once returned to New Orleans, where he received every medical attention, but in vain; he died after a few days' illness. His wife and daughter were in Europe at the time; and his son, on learning of his father's sickness, telegraphed to him from this city, desiring to go and nurse him; but Dr. Taylor, knowing his own hopeless case and the danger of exposure to his son, sent back a telegram positively forbidding him to come, and died the same day. He is one of the many noble physicians who have given their lives for others.



THE STORM KING—NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON.—Drawn by Samuel Colman.—[See Page 830.]



TOO LATE FOR THE COACH—AN OLD TIME INCIDENT.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 830.]

THE NUN'S LACE.

THE nun said her prayer,
The nun wove her lace;
Still was the air,
Lonely the place.
Only the convent bell, only the wild bird's note,
With the sweet pang of sound the sighing silence smote.

The nun said her prayer,
The nun worked her lace;
Her cell was bare,
None saw her face.
Who then could ever think, who then could ever care?
Her tears fell on the lace, her smile broke through the prayer.

The nun said her prayer,
The nun wove her lace;
Life, sad and fair,
Pity's keen grace,
Shaped with the 'broider's thread, shaped with the pious plaint,
One pattern, lilies white; one pattern, lilies quaint.

The nun ceased to pray,
The nun dropped her lace;
Through dusk of day
Veiled mourners pace.
What snow-white angels bear, what fevered mortals wear,
The lilies of her lace, the lilies of her prayer?

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

RORIE IS TAKEN TO TASK.

"IT is not dogs only that are jealous," thought Roderick, as he went home in the brougham with all the windows down, and the cool night breeze blowing his cigar smoke away into the forest to mix with the mist wreaths that were curling up from the soft ground. It was an offense of the highest rank to smoke in his mother's carriage, but Rorie was in an evil temper just now, and found a kind of bitter pleasure in disobedience.

The carriage bowled swiftly along the straight, well-made road; but Rorie hated riding in a brougham. The soft padded confinement galled him.

"Why couldn't she send me my dog-cart?" he asked himself, indignantly.

Briarwood was a large white house in a park. It stood on much higher ground than the Abbey House, and was altogether different from that good old relic of a by-gone civilization. Briarwood was distinctly modern. Its decorations savored of the Regency; its furniture was old-fashioned, without being antique. The classic stiffness and straightness of the first French Empire distinguished the gilded chairs and tables in the drawing-rooms. There were statues by Chantrey and Canova in the spacious, lofty hall; portraits by Lawrence and Romney in the dining-room; a historical picture by Copley over the elephantine mahogany sideboard; a Greek sarcophagus for wines under it.

At its best, the Briarwood House was commonplace; but to the mind of Lady Jane Vawdrey, the gardens and hot-houses made amends. She was a profound horticulturist, and spent half her income on orchids and rare newly imported flowers, and by this means she had made Briarwood one of the show places of the neighborhood.

"A woman must be distinguished for something, or she is no better than her scullery-maid," said Lady Jane to her son, excusing herself for these extravagances. "I have no talent for music, painting, or poetry, so I devote myself to orchids; and perhaps my orchids turn out better than many people's music and poetry."

Lady Jane is not a pleasant-tempered woman, and enjoys the privilege of being more feared than liked—a privilege of which she makes the most, and which secures her immunity from many annoyances to which good-natured people are subject. She does good to her poor neighbors in her own cold, set way; but the poor people about Briarwood do not send to her for wine and brandy as if she kept a public-house, and was benefited by their liberal patronage; the curate at the little Gothic church down in the tiny village in a hollow of the wooded hills does not appeal to Lady Jane in his necessities for church or parish. She subscribes handsomely to all orthodox well-established charities, but is not prone to accidental benevolence. Nobody ever disappoints her when she gives a dinner, or omits the duty call afterward; but she has no unceremonious gatherings, no gossipy kettle-drums, no hastily arranged picnics or garden parties. When people in the neighborhood want to take their friends to see the orchids, they write to Lady Jane first, and make it quite a state affair; and on an appointed afternoon the lady of Briarwood receives them, richly clad in a dark velvet gown and a point-lace cap, as if she had just walked out of an old picture, and there are three or four gardeners in attendance to open doors and cut specimen blossoms for the guests.

"She's a splendid woman, admirable in every way," said Roderick to an Oxford chum, with whom he had been discussing Lady Jane's virtues; "but if a fellow could have a voice in the matter, she's not the mother I should have chosen."

Ambition was the leading characteristic of Lady Jane's mind. As a girl, she had been ambitious for herself, and that ambition had been disappointed; as a woman, her ambition transferred itself to her son. She was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Lodway—a nobleman who had been considerably overweighted in the handicap of life, having nine children, seats in three counties, a huge old house in St. James's Square, and a small income; his three estates consisting of some of the barrenest and most unprofitable land in Great Britain. Of Lord Lodway's nine children, five were daughters, and of these Lady Jane was the eldest and the handsomest. Even in her nursery she had a very distinct notion that, for her, marriage meant promotion. She used to play at being married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and would never consent to have the ceremony performed by less than two bishops; even though the part of one hierarch had to be represented by the nursery hearth broom. In due course Lady Jane Umleigh made her début in society in all the bloom and freshness of her stately Saxon beauty. She was admired and talked about, and acknowledged as one of the belles of that season; her portrait was engraved in the Book of Beauty, and her ball programmes were always filled with the very best names; but at the end of the season, Lady Lodway went back to the Yorkshire Wolds with a biting sense of failure and mortification. Her handsome daughter had not sent her arrow home to the gold. She had not received a single offer worth talking about.

"Don't you think you could consent to be married by one bishop and a dean, Jenny, if the marquis comes to the scratch in the shooting season?" asked Lady Jane's youngest brother, derisively.

He had been made to do bishop in those play-weddings of Lady Jane's, very often when the function went against the grain.

The marquis thus familiarly spoken about was Lord Strishfogel, the richest nobleman in Ireland, and a great sea-rover, famous for his steam-yachts, and his importance generally. He had admired Lady Jane's statuesque beauty, and had been more particular in his attentions than the rest of her satellites, who, for the most part, merely worshipped her because it was the right thing to do. Lord Strishfogel had promised to come to Heron's Nest, Lord Lodway's place in the Wolds, for the pheasant-shooting; but instead of keeping his promise, went off to the Golden Horn, to race his yacht against the vessel of a great Turkish official. This was Lady Jane Umleigh's first disappointment. She had liked Lord Strishfogel just well enough to fancy herself deeply in love with him, and she was unconscious of the influence his rank and wealth had exercised upon her feelings. She had thought of herself so often as the Marchioness of Strishfogel, had so completely projected her mind into that brilliant future, that to come down to her maiden position again from that vivid dream of conquest and gratified ambition was as sharp a fall as if she had worn a crown and lost it.

Her second season began, and Lord Strishfogel was still a rover. He was in the South Seas by this time, writing a book, and enjoying halcyon days among the friendly natives, swimming like a dolphin in those summery seas, and indulging in harmless flirtations with dusky princesses, whose chief attire was made of shells and flowers, and whose untutored dancing was more vigorous than refined. At the end of that second season Jane Umleigh had serious thoughts of turning philanthropist, and taking a ship-load of destitute young women to Australia. Any thing would be better than this sense of a wasted life and ignominious failure.

She was in this frame of mind when Mr. Vawdrey came to Heron's Nest for the shooting. He was a commoner, but his family was one of the oldest in Hampshire, and he had lately distinguished himself by some rather clever speeches in the House of Commons. His estate was worth fifteen thousand a year, and he was altogether a man of some mark. Above all, he was handsome, manly, and a gentleman to the marrow of his bones, and he was the first man who ever fell over head and ears in love with Jane Umleigh.

The charms that had repelled more frivolous admirers attracted John Vawdrey. That proud, calm beauty of Lady Jane's seemed to his mind the perfection of womanly grace. A wife to adore upon his knees, a wife to be proud of, a wife to rule her vassals like a queen, and to lead him, John Vawdrey, on to greatness.

He was romantic, chivalrous, aspiring, and Lady Jane Umleigh was the first woman he had met who embodied the heroine of his romantic dreams. He proposed and was refused, and went away despairing. It would have been a good match, undoubtedly—a truth which Lord and Lady Lodway urged upon their daughter—but it would have been a terrible descent from the ideal marriage which Lady Jane had set up in her own mind as the proper prize for so fair a runner in life's race. She had imagined herself a marchioness, with a vast territory of mountain, vale, and lake, and an influence in the sister island second only to that of royalty. She could not descend all at once to behold herself the wife of a plain country gentleman, whose proudest privilege it was to write M.P. after his name.

The earl and countess were urgent, for they had another daughter ready for the matrimonial market, and were inclined to regard Lady Jane as an "old shop-keeper;" but they knew their eldest daughter's temper, and did not press the matter too warmly.

Another season—Lady Jane's fourth and Lady Sophia's first—began and ended. Lady Sophia was piquant and witty, with a snub-nose and a playful disposition. She was a first-rate horsewoman, an exquisite waltzer, good at croquet, archery, billiards, and all games requiring accuracy of eye and aim, and Lady Sophia brought down her bird in a single season. She went home to Heron's Nest a duchess in embryo. The Duke of Dovedale, a bulky, middle-aged nobleman, with a passion for field sports and high farming, had seen Lady Sophia riding a dangerous horse in Rotten Row, and had been so charmed by her management of the brute as to become from that hour her slave. A pretty girl, with such a seat in her saddle and such a light hand for a horse's mouth, was the next best thing to a goddess. Before the season was over the duke had proposed, had been graciously accepted by the young lady, who felt an inward glow of pride at having done so much better than the family beauty.

"Can I ever forget how that girl Jane has snubbed me?" said Lady Sophia to her favorite brother. "And to think that I shall be sitting in ermine robes in the House of Lords, while she is peeping through that nasty iron fretwork to catch a glimpse of the top of her husband's head in the House of Commons!"

This splendid engagement of Lady Sophia's turned the tide for the faithful John Vawdrey. Lady Jane met her rejected lover at Trouville, and was so gracious to him that he ventured to renew his suit, and, to his delighted surprise, was accepted. Any thing was better than standing out in the cold while the ducal engagement was absorbing every body's thoughts and conversation. Lady Sophia had boasted, in that playful way of hers, of having her beauty-sister for chief bride-maid, and the beauty-sister had made up her mind that this thing should not be. Perhaps she would have married a worse man than John Vawdrey to escape such infamy.

And John Vawdrey was by no means disagreeable to her; nay, it had been pride, and not any disinclination for the man himself, that had bidden her reject him. He was clever, distinguished, and he loved her with a romantic devotion which flattered and pleased her. Yes, she would marry John Vawdrey.

Every body was delighted at this concession, the lady's parents and belongings most especially so. Here were two daughters disposed of; and if the beauty had made the inferior match, it was only one of those caprices of fortune that are more to be expected than the common order of things.

So there was a double marriage the following spring at St. George's, and Lady Jane's childish desire was gratified. There were two bishops at the ceremony. True that one was only colonial, and hardly ranked higher than the nursery hearth brush.

Fate was not altogether unkind to Lady Jane. Her humble marriage was much happier than her sister's loftier union. The duke, who had been so good-natured as a lover, proved stupid and somewhat tiresome as a husband. He gave his mind to hunting and farming, and cared for nothing else. Sophia, Duchess of Dovedale, had seven country-seats, and no home. Her children were puny and feeble. They sickened in the feudal Scotch castle; they languished in the Buckinghamshire Eden—a white freestone palace set among the woods that overhang the valley of the Thames. No breezes that blow could waft strength or vitality to those feeble lungs. At thirty the Duchess of Dovedale had lost all her babies save one frail sapling, a girl of two years old, who promised to have a somewhat better constitution than her perished brothers and sisters. On this small paragon the duchess concentrated her cares and hopes. She gave up hunting—much to the disgust of that Nimrod her husband—in order to superintend her nursery. From the most pleasure-loving of matrons she became the most domestic. Lady Mabel Ashbourne was to grow up the perfection of health, wisdom, and beauty under the mother's loving care. She would have a great fortune, for there was a considerable portion of the duke's property which he was free to bequeath to his daughter. He had coal-pits in the North, and a tin mine in the West. He had a house at Kensington which he had built for himself, a model Queen Anne mansion, with every article of furniture made on the strictest æsthetic principles, and not an anachronism from the garrets to the cellars. The Scottish castle and the Buckinghamshire paradise would go with the title; but the duke, delighted with the easy-going sport of the New Forest, had bought six hundred acres between Stony Cross and Romsey, and had made for himself an archetypal home-farm, and had built himself a hunting-box, with stables and kennels of the most perfect kind; and this estate, with the Queen Anne house and the pits and the mine, was his very own, to dispose of as he pleased.

Lady Jane's marriage had proved happy. Her husband, always egged on by her ambitious promptings, had made himself an important figure in the senate, and had been on the eve of entering the cabinet as Colonial Secretary, when death cut short his career. A hard winter and a sharp attack of bronchitis nipped the aspiring senator in the bud.

Lady Jane was as nearly broken-hearted as so cold a woman could be. She had loved her husband better than any thing in this life, except herself. He left her with one son and a handsome jointure, with the full possession of Briarwood until her son's majority. Upon that only child Lady Jane lavished all her care, but did not squander the wealth of her affection. Perhaps her capacity for loving had died with her husband. She had been proud and fond of him, but she was not proud of the little boy in velvet knickerbockers, whose good looks were his only merit, and who was continually being guilty of some new piece of mischief; laming ponies, smashing orchids, glass, china, and generally disturbing the perfect order which was Briarwood's first law.

When the boy was old enough to go to Eton, he seemed still more remote from his mother's love and sympathy. He was passionately fond of field-sports, and those Lady Jane Vawdrey detested. He was backward in all his studies, despite the careful coaching he had received from the mild Anglican curate of Briarwood village. He was intensely pugilistic, and rarely came home for the holidays without bringing a black eye or a swollen nose as the result of his latest fight. He spent a good deal of money, and in a manner that to his mother's calm sense appeared simply idiotic. His hands were always grubby, his nails wore almost perpetual mourning, his boots were an outrage upon good taste, and he always left a track of muddy foot-marks behind him along the crimson-carpeted corridors. What could any mother do for such a boy, except tolerate him? Love was out of the question. How could a delicate, high-bred woman, soft-handed, velvet-robed, care to have such a lad about her; a boy who smelt of stables and wore hob-nailed boots, whose pockets were always sticky with toffee, and his handkerchiefs a disgrace to humanity; who gave his profoundest thoughts to pigeon-fancying, and his warmest affections to ratting terriers?

But while all these habits made the lad abominable in the eyes of his mother, the Duke and Duchess of Dovedale admired the young Hercules with a fond and envious admiration. The duke would have given coal-pits and tin mines, all the disposable property he held, and deemed it but a small price for such a son. The duchess thought of her feeble boy-babies who had been whooping-coughed or scarlet-fevered out of the world, and sighed, and loved her nephew better than ever his mother had loved him since his babyhood. When the Dovedales were at their place in the forest, Roderick almost lived with them, or, at any rate, divided his time between Ashbourne Park and the Abbey House, and spent as little of his life at home as he could. He patronized Lady Mabel, who was his junior by five years, rode her thorough-bred pony for her under the pretense of improving its manners, until he took a header with it into a bog, out of which pony and boy rolled and struggled indiscriminately, boy none the worse, pony lamed for life. He played billiards with the duke, and told the duchess all his school adventures, practical jokes, fights, apple-pie beds, surreptitious fried sausages, and other misdemeanors.

Out of this friendship arose a brilliant vision which reconciled Lady Jane Vawdrey to her son's preference for his aunt's house and his aunt's society. Why should he not marry Mabel by-and-by, and unite the two estates of Ashbourne and Briarwood, and become owner of the pits and the mine, and distinguish himself in the senate, and be created a peer? As the husband of Lady Mabel Ashbourne he would be rich enough to command a peerage almost as a right, but his mother would have had him deserve it. With this idea Lady Jane urged on her son's education. All his Hampshire friends called him clever, but he won no laurels at school. Lady Jane sent for grinders and had the boy ground, but all the grinding could not grind a love of classics or metaphysics into this free son of the forest. He went to Oxford, and got himself ploughed for his Little Go with a wonderful facility. For politics he cared not a jot, but he could drive tandem better than any other under-graduate of his year. He never spoke at the Union, but he pulled stroke in the 'Varsity boat. He was famous for his biceps, his good nature, and his good looks, but so far he had distinguished himself for nothing else; and to this stage of non-performance had he come when the reader first beheld him.

It was only half past nine when the brougham drove up to the pillared porch at Briarwood. The lighted drawing-room windows shone out upon the autumn dark—a row of five tall French casements—and the sound of a piano caught Roderick's ear as he tossed the end of his cigar into the shrubbery and mounted the wide stone door-steps.

"At it again," muttered Rorie, with a shrug of disgust, as he entered the hall, and heard, through the half-open drawing-room door, an interlacement of pearly runs—for, at this stage of his existence, Rorie had no appreciation of brilliant pianoforte-playing. The music he liked best was of the simplest, most inartificial order.

"Are the duke and duchess here?" he asked the butler.

"Her grace and Lady Mabel is here, Sir; not the dook."

"I suppose I must dress before I face the quality," muttered Rorie, sulkily, and he went leaping up stairs—three steps at a time—to exchange his brown shooting clothes and leather gaiters for that dress suit of his which was continually getting too small for him. Rorie detested himself in a dress suit and a white tie.

"You beast," he cried, addressing his reflection in the tall glass door of his armoire, "you are the image of a waiter at the Clarendon."

The Briarwood drawing-room looked a great deal too vast and too lofty for the three delicately made women who were occupying it this evening. It was a finely proportioned room, and its amber satin hangings made a pleasing background for the white and gold furniture. White, gold, and amber made up the prevailing tone of color. Clusters of wax lights against the walls and a crystal chandelier with many candles filled the room with a soft radiance. It was a room without shadow. There were no recesses, no deep-set windows or doors. All was coldly bright, faultlessly elegant. Rorie detested his mother's drawing-room almost as much as he detested himself in a dress-coat that was too short in the sleeves.

The matrons were seated on each side of the shining gold and steel fire-place, before which there stretched an island of silky white fur. Lady Jane Vawdrey's younger sister was a stout, comfortable-looking woman in gray silk, who hardly realized one's preconceived notion of a duchess. Lady Jane herself had dignity enough for the highest rank in the *Almanach de Gotha*. She wore dark green velvet and old rose-point, and looked like a portrait of an Austrian princess by Velasquez. Years had not impaired the purity of her blonde complexion. Her aquiline nose, thin lips, small, firm chin, were the features of one born to rule. Her light brown hair showed no streak of gray. An admirable woman, no doubt, for any body else's mother, as Rorie so often said to himself.

The young lady was still sitting at the piano, remote from the two elders, her slim white fingers running in and out and to and fro in those wondrous intricacies and involutions which distinguish modern classical music. Rorie hated all that running about the piano to no purpose, and could not perceive his cousin's merit in having devoted three or four hours of her life daily for the last seven years to the accomplishment of this harmonious meandering. She left off playing, and held out her small white hand to him as he came to the piano after shaking hands with his aunt.

What was she like, this paragon formed by a mother's worshipping love and ceaseless care, this one last pearl in the crown of domestic life, this child of so many prayers and hopes and fears and deep pathetic rejoicings?

She was very fair to look upon—complete and beautiful as a pearl—with that outward purity, that perfect delicacy of tint and harmony of detail, which is in itself a charm. Study her as captiously as you would, you could find no flaw in this jewel. The small, regular features were so delicately chiselled, the fair, fine skin was so transparent, the fragile figure so exquisitely moulded, the ivory hand and arm so perfect—no, you could discover no bad drawing or crude coloring in this human picture. She lifted her clear blue eyes to Rorie's face, and smiled at him in gentle welcome; and though he felt intensely cross at having been summoned home like a school-boy, he could not refuse her a responsive smile, or a gentle pressure of the taper fingers.

"And so you have been dining with those horrid people!" she exclaimed, with an air of playful reproach, "and on your last night in Hampshire—quite too unkind to Aunt Jane."

"I don't know whom you mean by horrid people, Mabel," answered Rorie, chilled back into sulkiness all at once; "the people I was with are all that is good and pleasant."

"Then you've not been at the Tempests', after all?"

"I have been at the Tempests'. What have you to say against the Tempests?"

"Oh, I have nothing to say against them," said Lady Mabel, shrugging her pretty shoulders in her fawn-colored silk gown. "There are some things that do not require saying."

"Mr. Tempest is the best and kindest of men; his wife is—well, a nonentity, perhaps, but not a disagreeable one; and his daughter—"

Here Rorie came to a sudden stop, which Lady Mabel accentuated with a silvery little laugh.

"His daughter is charming," she cried, when she had done laughing; "red hair, and a green habit with brass buttons, a yellow waistcoat like her papa's, and a rose in her button-hole. How I should like to see her in Rotten Row!"

"I'll warrant there wouldn't be a better horsewoman or a prettier girl there, let you see her when you may," cried Rorie, scarlet with indignation.

His mother looked daggers. His cousin gave another silvery laugh, clear as those pearly treble runs upon the Erard; but that pretty artificial laugh had a ring which betrayed her mortification.

"Rorie is thorough," she said; "when he likes people, he thinks them perfect. You do think that little red-haired girl quite perfection, now don't you, Rorie?" pursued Lady Mabel, sitting down before the piano again, and touching the notes silently as she seemed to admire the slender diamond hoops upon her white fingers—old-fashioned rings that had belonged to a patrician great-grandmother. "You think her quite a model young lady, though they say she can hardly read, and makes her mark—like William the Conqueror—instead of signing her name, and spends her life in the stables, and occasionally, when the fox gets back to earth—swears."

"I don't know who they may be," cried Roderick, savagely, "but they say a pack of lies. Violet Tempest is as well educated as—any girl need be. All girls can't be paragons, or, if they could, this earth would be intolerable for the rest of humanity. Lord deliver us from a world overrun with paragons! Violet Tempest is little more than a child, a spoiled child, if you like, but she has a heart of gold, and a firmer grip on her saddle than any other woman in Hampshire."

Roderick had turned from scarlet to pale by the time he finished this speech. His mother had paled at the first mention of poor Vixen. That young lady's name acted upon Lady Jane's feelings very much as a red rag acts on a bull.

"I think, after keeping you away from your mother on the last night of your vacation, Mr. Tempest might at least have had the good taste to let you come home sober," said Lady Jane, with suppressed rage.

"I drank a couple of glasses of still hock at dinner, and not a drop of any thing else from the time I entered the Abbey House till I left it; and I don't think, considering how I've seasoned myself with Bass at Oxford, that two glasses of Rudesheimer would floor me," explained Rorie, with recovered calmness.

"Oh, but you were drinking deep of a more intoxicating nectar," cried Lady Mabel, with that provokingly distinct utterance of hers. She had been taught to speak as carefully as girls of inferior rank are taught to play Beethoven—every syllable studied, every tone trained and ripened to the right quality. "You were with Violet Tempest."

"How you children quarrel!" exclaimed the duchess; "you could hardly be worse if you were lovers. Come here, Rorie, and tell me all that has happened to you since we saw you at Lord's in July. Never mind these Tempest people. They are of the smallest possible importance. Of course Rorie must have somebody to amuse himself with while we are away."

"And now we are come back, he is off to Oxford," said Mabel, with an aggrieved air.

"You shouldn't have staid so long in Switzerland, then," retorted Rorie.

"Oh, but it was my first visit, and every thing is so lovely. After all the Swiss landscapes I have done in chalk and pencil and water-colors, I was astonished to find what a stranger I was to the scenery. I blushed when I remembered those dreadful landscapes of mine. I was ashamed to look at Mont Blanc. I felt as if the Matterhorn would fall and crush me."

"I think I shall do Switzerland next long," said Rorie, patronizingly, as if it would be a good thing for Switzerland.

"You might have come this year while we were there," said Lady Mabel.

"No, I mightn't. I've been grinding. If you knew what a dose of Aristotle I've had, you'd pity me. That's where you girls have the best of it. You learn two or three modern languages, to meander up and down the piano, and spoil Bristol-board, or Whatman's hot-pressed imperial, and then you call yourselves educated; while we have to go back to the beginning of civilization, and find out what a lot of old Greek duffers were driving at when they sat in the sunshine and prosed like old boots."

Lady Mabel looked at him with a serene smile.

"Would you be surprised to hear that I know a little Greek," she said, "just enough to struggle through the Socratic dialogues with the aid of my master?"

Roderick started as if he had been stung.

"What a shame!" he cried. "Aunt Sophia, what do you mean by making a Lady Jane Grey or an Elizabeth Barrett Browning of her?"

"A woman who has to occupy a leading position can hardly know too much," answered the duchess, sententiously.

"Ah, to be sure, Mabel will marry some diplomatic swell, and be entertaining ambassadors by-and-by. And when some modern Greek envoy comes simpering up to her with a remark about the weather, it will be an advantage to know Plato. I understand. Wheels within wheels."

"The Duchess of Dovedale's carriage," announced the butler, rolling out the syllables as if it were a personal gratification to pronounce them.

Mabel rose at once from the piano, and came to say good-night to her aunt.

"My dear child, it's quite early," said Lady Jane; "Roderick's last night too. And your mamma is in no hurry."

Mabel looked at Roderick, but that young gentleman was airing himself on the hearth-rug, and looking absently up at the ceiling. It evidently signified very little to him whether his aunt and cousin went or staid.

"You know you told papa you would be home quite early," said Lady Mabel, and the duchess rose immediately.

She had a way of yielding to her only daughter which her stronger-minded sister highly disapproved of. The first duty of a mother, in Lady Jane's opinion, was to rule her child; the second, to love it. The idea was no doubt correct in the abstract, but the practice was not succeeding too well with Roderick.

"Good-night and good-by," said Lady Mabel, when the maid had brought her wraps, and Rorie had put them on.

"Not good-by," said the good-natured duchess; "Rorie must come to breakfast to-morrow, and see the duke. He was too tired to come out to-night, but I know he wants to see you."

"Thanks. I'll be there," answered Rorie, and he escorted the ladies to their carriage, but not another word did Mabel speak till the brougham had driven away from Briarwood.

"What a horrid young man Roderick has grown, mamma!" she remarked, decisively.

"My love, I never saw him look handsomer."

"I don't mean his looks. Good looks in a man are a superfluity. But his manners—I never saw any thing so under-bred. Those Tempest people are spoiling him."

"Roderick," said Lady Jane, just as Rorie was contemplating an escape to the billiard-room and his cigar, "I want a little serious talk with you."

Rorie shivered in his shoes. He knew too well what his mother's serious talk meant. He shrugged his shoulders with a movement that indicated a dormant resistance, and went quietly into the drawing-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 20.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 27.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude.

The annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions opened in Milwaukee October 1, with an attendance of 1500 delegates. The debt has been reduced during the year from $48,000 to less than $5000. The total expenditures for the year were $486,772, divided among the following items: cost of missions, $410,858; cost of agencies, $9375; publications, $2546; administration, $16,000; debt, $47,985. The receipts were $482,204; of the receipts the sum of $104,360 was derived from legacies. The Women's Board has contributed during the year $81,235. The board sustains 16 missions, in which are 79 stations and 529 out-stations. The number of missionaries in its service is 1549; number of churches, 248; number of training and theological schools, 15; of boarding-schools for girls, 26; of common schools, 612. An appropriation of $500,000 for the coming year is asked for by the secretaries. Among foreign missionaries present at the meeting were Dr. Herrick, of Constantinople, and Dr. Jessup, of Syria.

Cardinals Nina, Perrieri, Bartolini, De Luca, and De Pietro have been appointed to decide upon the questions at issue between Germany and the Vatican. A change in the manner of executing the May laws is conceded, according to all accounts, but the recall of the exiled bishops is refused by Germany. Another point unsettled is the recognition of the authority of the government by the German priests; this is insisted upon by Bismarck, and is resisted by the Pope.

The latest telegrams from Europe report the entire failure of these negotiations. The deposed bishops have refused obedience to the May laws, and have so notified Leo XIII. "The Bavarian and Austrian Nuncios," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "have been intrusted with a confidential mission to Prince Bismarck, but no hopes are entertained of their success. Germany will yield nothing, and the Vatican can not yield all without alienating its most faithful partisans."

The bill to repress Socialism is not having a smooth passage through the German Federal Parliament. Several amendments have been proposed in committee which are not palatable to the government; one of these limits its operation to two and a half years. Other amendments are that "a state of siege shall only be declared in the presence of immediate danger, and that the prohibition of meetings shall not include electoral meetings." Prince Bismarck is annoyed by the disposition of Parliament to amend this measure, and threatens dissolution.

On the 2d of October the bill passed in committee to a second reading. The short term for its operation—two years and a half—has been retained.

Dean Stanley spent an agreeable hour in this city with the American company of revisers of the New Testament. He was most cordially received. The dean is well known in this country, and greatly esteemed for his catholicity of spirit. From the time of the republication here of his first important work, the *Life of Dr. Thomas Arnold*, his writings have been familiar to Americans. It is a matter of regret that his stay in the United States will be so short.

The International Sunday-school Committee met in Cincinnati during the last week of September, and selected the lessons for the next seven years. There was a full attendance of the members. The plan contemplates a complete course of Scripture study in the seven years' lessons.

The dangers which in Europe threaten the state from the assaults of ultramontanism are felt there in a manner of which we have but slight conception in the United States. The statesmen who speak of them declare their convictions with a seriousness which shows how clearly they are aware of the gravity of the situation. Gambetta, who has been proved to have under trial a great power of self-restraint, has lately spoken with entire unreserve. "The clerical question," so the report of his address runs, "that is to say, the question of the relation between the Church and the state, keeps all other questions in suspense. In the Church it is that the spirit of the past takes refuge and gathers strength. I denounce the ever-increasing danger society runs from the ultramontane spirit, the spirit of the Vatican, of the Syllabus, which is nothing but abuse of ignorance with the purpose of enslaving it. It is only ultramontanism which persists in opposition to the state. The clerical spirit endeavors to filtrate into every thing—into the army, into the magistracy; and there is this which is peculiar to it: it is always when the fortune of the country is falling that Jesuitism rises."

M. Gambetta insisted on the abolition of all special privileges, saying, "Privileges form half the power of these men. They live on public credulity alone." This speech has been accepted as a statement of the programme of the French Republicans, and has been greatly applauded by the French liberal press.

Church attendance usually falls far below the seating capacity of our houses of worship. The Chicago *Alliance* sent reporters recently on two different Sundays to ascertain the exact number of worshippers throughout that city. In the Baptist churches the highest attendance was 650; the largest seating capacity was 1350. In the Congregational churches the largest attendance was 635; the largest church will seat 1800 persons. In the Episcopal churches the largest attendance was 353 persons; one of the churches will seat 1200. Among the Methodists one church had 1100 worshippers. Among the Presbyterians there was one congregation of 960; several of the churches of this denomination will seat more than 1000 persons, one of them 1800. The Roman Catholic Cathedral had a congregation of 1820; its seating capacity is 2000. The Unity Unitarian Church had 285 worshippers; it will seat 1500.

Permanent lectureships, so well known in the Old World, are in their beginnings here. Still a beginning has been made. The Lyman Beecher lecturer this season at Yale is the Rev. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Rev. Joseph Cook will deliver twenty lectures in the Tremont Temple, Boston, and the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, will lecture at Princeton on "St. Bernard and his Times." In addition to these are the "Vedder Lectures" of the Divinity School in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and an annual series in the Union Theological Seminary of this city. Some of these lectureships are endowed; all of them ought to be.

The experiment of a Free Lutheran Diet in the United States will be repeated this year. The next meeting will be held in Philadelphia, beginning November 5. Sixteen topics for consideration have been chosen. Nearly all relate to the condition and working of Lutheranism in this country. Among them are, "The value to the Lutheran Church of her confessions," "What is true and reasonable subscription to the confession?" "A complete service in English for Lutherans," "Confirmation," etc., etc.

They legislate in a thorough manner in Madagascar. The queen has recently issued regulations to be carried out by 156 officers, stationed in as many towns of the chief province of the island. One of these provides that "all who are found either making, selling, or drinking rum" shall be taken to the capital; another requires the imprisonment of all persons who interrupt the proceedings in places of worship; another forbids "trading, engaging in work, or washing clothes on Sunday." Still others of more importance provide for a census, and the punishment of adultery, polygamy, lynching, and other crimes. The earnest efforts of the queen to advance her people in civilization entitle her to the respect and sympathy of all Christian nations.

A statistical Congregationalist presents the following facts illustrative of the growth in Connecticut of the churches of that faith. In 1800 there were 200 Congregational churches in Connecticut, with 27,000 members; in 1878 there are 298, with 54,000 members. In 1800 the total of benevolent contributions from the Congregational churches of the State was $2232, or eight cents for each member; from 1870 to 1877 the average annual amount contributed by the same churches for charitable purposes was $406,120, or $7 52 for each member. Since 1800 other denominations also have had a rapid growth in that State.

In a letter to an English paper, Edmond de Pressensé states that the absence of all the higher clergy of Paris from the Thiers commemoration in the Church of the Notre Dame has excited great indignation throughout that city. Of this absence John Lemoine, the journalist, says, in the *Débats*: "We must congratulate the higher clergy of Paris and its organs in the press on the encouragement which they give to our civil ceremonials for the dead. Neither the Nuncio nor the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris chose to be present at the mass which Madame Thiers wished to have celebrated on the anniversary of her husband's death. The first President of the French Republic has been treated in the same manner as the first King of Italy." The French ultramontanes appear to take every possible occasion to show their hatred of the republic.

The silly behavior of some English Church rectors in interrupting funeral services held at the burial of Dissenters, or obstructing the funeral rites, is provoking retaliation. The vicar of Grimston, one of this class, has lately refused to permit the burial of a laborer's wife in the parish church-yard for the reason that "she had died a Wesleyan." On the Sunday following this exhibition of intolerance the people almost deserted the parish church, and when the vicar appeared, followed him home beating tin pans. Even the secular papers of England show indignation in their comments upon one of these scandals, which occurred at Akenham, near Ipswich. An unbaptized child of Baptist parents died, and as there was no other burial-place near, application was made to the Rev. George Drury, who is incumbent of Akenham. Mr. Drury would not permit the interment in consecrated ground, but required it to be made in a place in the rear of the church, nor would he permit any ceremony to be performed at the grave. A Baptist minister was requested to conduct a burial service in a meadow near the church-yard. While so engaged, the rector interrupted him, saying that he could not allow "a religious service to be conducted over an unbaptized infant." The interruptions becoming offensive, and an unseemly altercation having almost arisen, he was finally induced to retire. The assumption of authority to prevent a funeral service on ground outside of church premises seems extraordinary to us on this side of the Atlantic.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The gas suddenly went out at a San José concert the other evening, and when it was relit a young lady indignantly accused a happy-looking man who sat on the next bench of kissing her in the darkness. The man tried to explain, but some of the lady's friends seized and proceeded to fire him out with expedition. As they reached the door the victim managed to gasp out: "Me kiss a woman! Why, I'm just divorced." That settled it. He was apologized to, and the man of experience proudly resumed his seat.

A Bachelor Merchant's Advice in selecting a Wife—"Get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

An old lady said she had often seen "men struck with a happy thought, but could never see where it hit 'em."

Soothing Thought.—If you wish to pay your debts, you have paid them. Your creditors can not deny that there has been pay-meant.

An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The demand for more men."

That is the Question.—A gentleman, being threatened with an infectious fever, said to his little son, who in an affectionate mood wished to embrace him, "You mustn't hug me; you'll catch the fever." Willie, standing back, looked in amazement upon his papa, who, by-the-way, is a pattern of propriety, and quickly asked, "Why, papa, who did you hug?"

An Indianapolis barber who abandoned his business and went into the ministry was suddenly called upon to baptize three candidates. He got along very well, but after baptizing the first he astonished his congregation by lustily shouting, "Next!"

When usefulness is considered, the man who smokes cigarettes dwindles into insignificance by the side of the individual who smokes hams.

When a widower and widow, both with children, get married nowadays, they call it "pooling their issues."

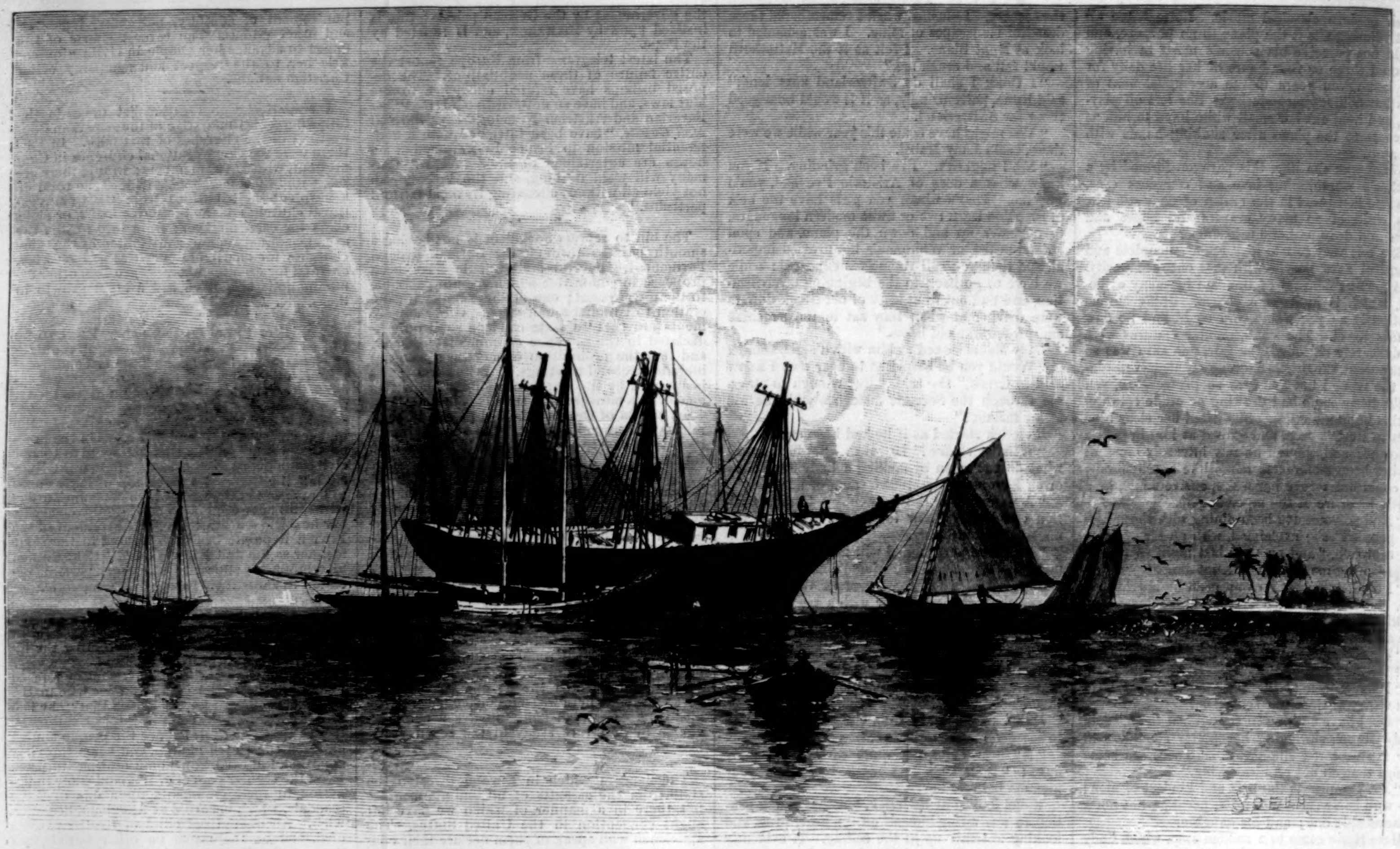
NAME AND FAME.

Child. "Ma dear, we must be great people. Here's our name upon a boat!"

Ma. "Yes, dear; the owners select the names of great or famous people for their boats, and the 'Darlings' have always been their greatest 'pets.'"

An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Be jabers, those that didn't run are there yit!"

At a recent discussion meeting, held by negroes, the question of the evening was: "Which am de mudder ob de chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chicks?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons *pro* and *con* were urged and combated, when a shrewd fellow put the case thus: "S'pose dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck, or de hen?" This was a poser; but the chairman extricated them from the difficulty. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: "Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out." And so he did, to the complete overthrow of those who held a different opinion.



WRECKERS ON THE FLORIDA KEYS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.]

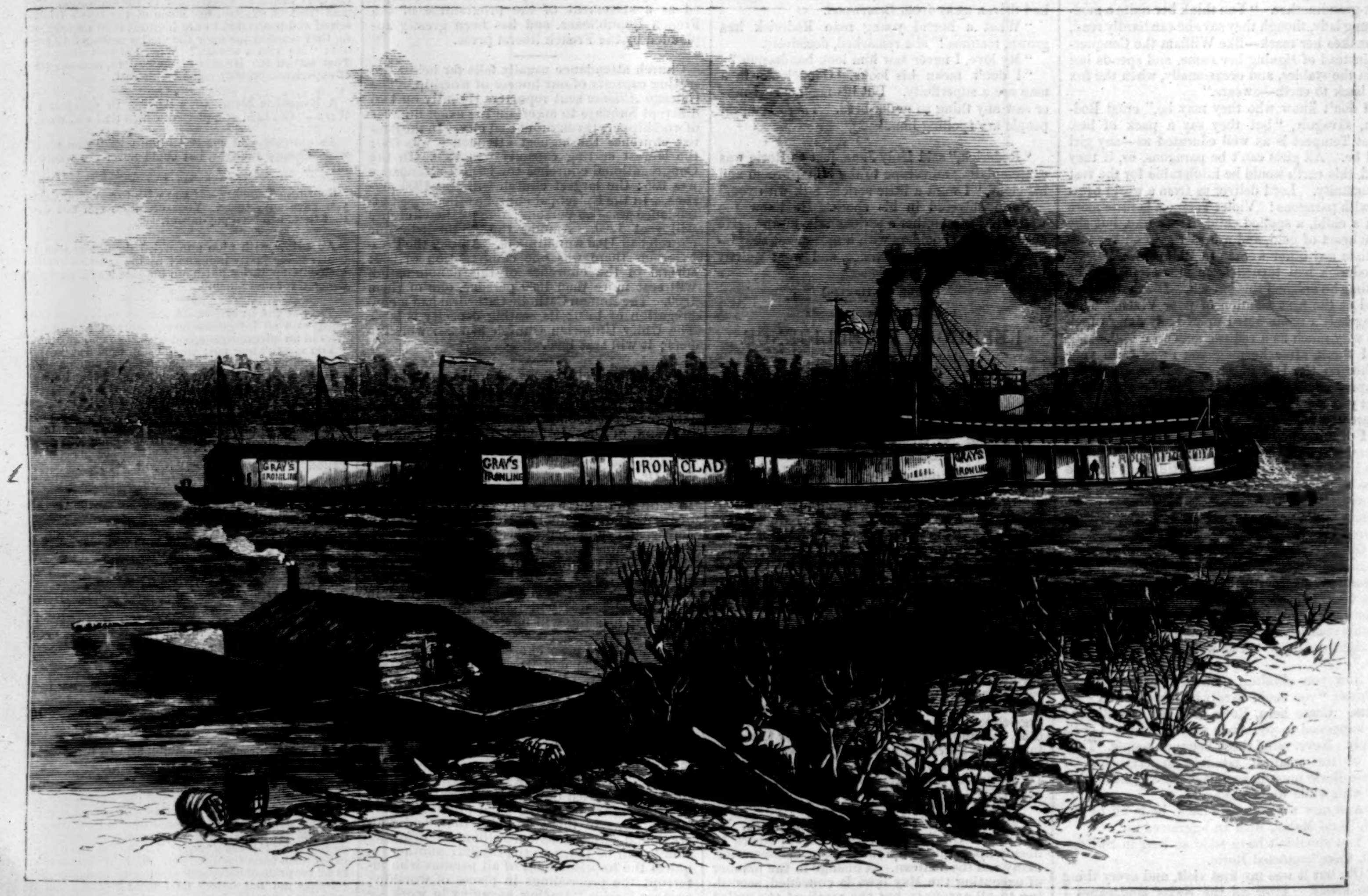
WRECKERS ON THE FLORIDA KEYS.

A NUMEROUS squadron of wrecking schooners, often beautifully modelled, makes up a large part of the marine registry of Key West. Here we have a business ostensibly legitimate, but closely allied to piracy. Its temptations are great. Every Key Westian should be by nature a wrecker. The long, low, reefy islets which fringe the coast of Florida in the most inextricable manner, leading on either side the peninsula to the terminal point of Key West and the Tortugas, seem laid there as a trap to catch unwary mariners. After traversing the wide ocean in safety they finally bring up, perhaps, in these snares, and are caught there as securely as a fly in a spider's web. No sooner does the news reach Key West than the wreckers, white and black, arouse from their lethargy, the boys spin cart-wheels of exultation on the dusty wharves, and, like sharks gliding toward their prey, the schooners steal out of port and make all sail to reach the wreck. There she lies fast, firmly imbedded on the coral, treacherously guided there, perchance, by the pilot. Such things have been. Never more shall she ride the waters like a thing of life. Her buoyant career is ended, and now boats, smacks, and schooners crowd around her, laden with yelling and shouting crews, swarming up her sides to strip her of her wings and her beauty, and leave her a skeleton bleaching in the Southern sun. Is there any object more typical of the life of man than a ship? Are not the perils which beset it like the temptations and adversities of the soul?

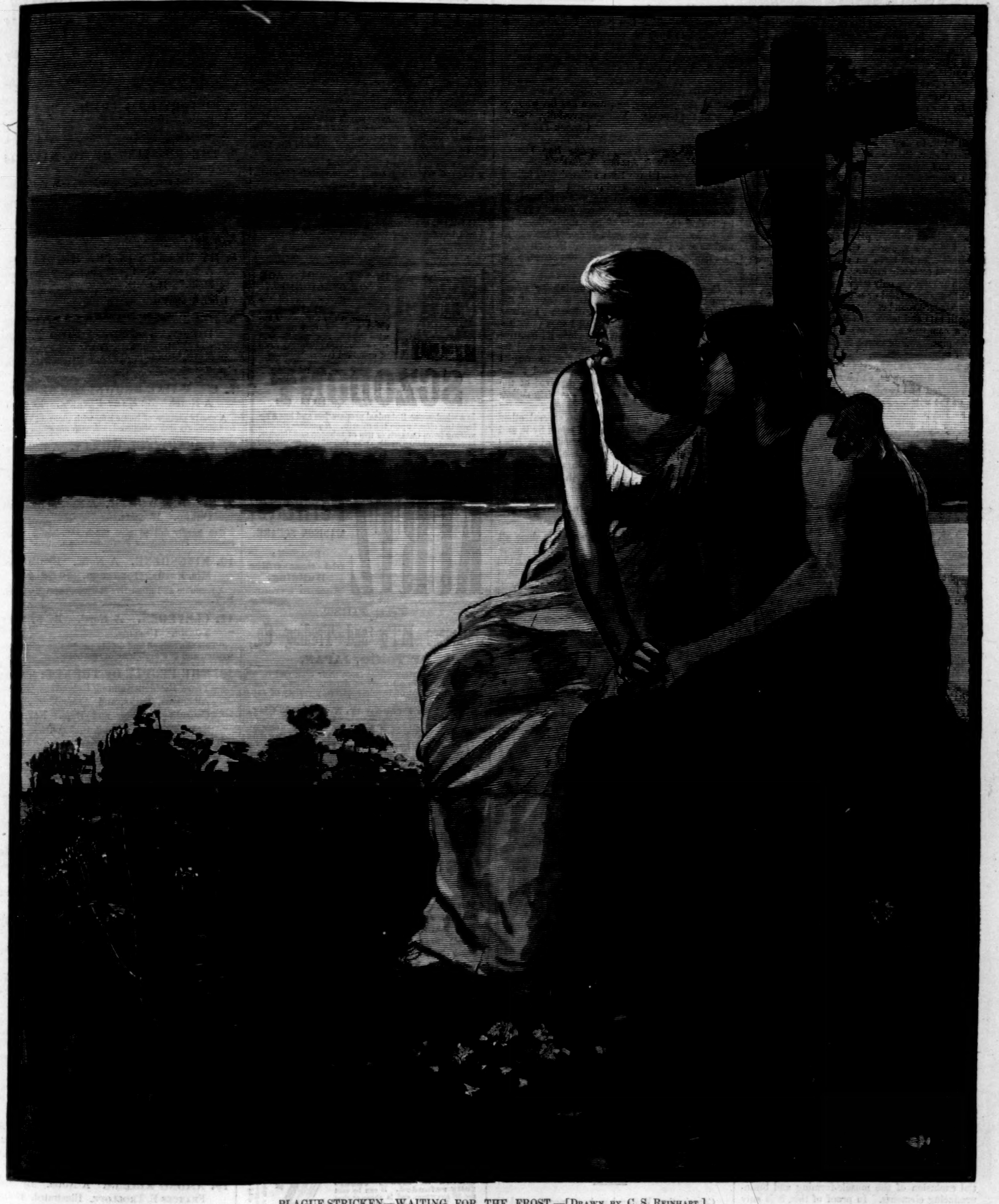
It is said the negroes of Key West are very religious; they are reported to have an abounding faith in the efficacy of prayer, and that they therefore beseech the Almighty to send them wrecks—ships well loaded with riches. The latter part of this statement is hardly credible, but there is abundant evidence that they are quite zealous so far as regards the outward forms of religion. A people must be religious who will stand a full hour under the broiling sun, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade, on a glaring white beach at mid-day, to witness a baptism. The writer once witnessed such a scene. He found an umbrella essential, and finally retreated to a cooler spot; but the worthy pastor who presided and the candidates for baptism stood bare-headed under the full blaze of the sun for an hour, and no one complained of headache. It certainly would have been more appropriate if the ceremony had occurred toward night-fall.

A MISSISSIPPI TOW.

THE picturesque scene represented in the engraving below is not the fancy sketch of an artist, but the realistic work of the camera of a tourist photographer. It shows us one of those high-pressure tow-steamboats peculiar to the Mississippi and other Western rivers, making its way slowly up the stream with its fleet of heavily loaded freight boats. Nothing can be more ugly, from an artist's point of view, than an "elegant" steamboat, but these Mississippi boats present many picturesque features, favorable to artistic treatment. Their very clumsiness is an attraction, and this is enhanced by the weather stains that discolor their sides and form so agreeable a contrast to the unrelieved and glaring white of the passenger boats.



A TOW ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



PLAGUE-STRICKEN—WAITING FOR THE FROST.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

WAITING FOR THE FROST.

Still lifts the lily in the mild still air
Its cup of perfumed snow,
And, star-like, gleam the myrtle blossoms where
The autumn roses glow;
This fragrant beauty seems the mask of Death;
The whispering south wind is his poisoned breath;
We weary for these warm bright days to end;
The summer lingers at what fearful cost!
O pitying God! in mercy to us send
The white gift of Thy frost!

From its cold touch the pestilence will fly,
And plague-shut houses will their doors unfold,
And mourners, who have seen their loved ones die,
Yet, shuddering, feared their helpless hands to hold,
Will seek, with tears, the graves from which, to-day,
Love, terror-haunted, trembling turns away.
All powerless, Lord, at Thy dear feet we bow;
If Thou delay, how many lives are lost!
We ask a blessing never prized till now—
The white gift of Thy frost!

ENEMIES OF OCEAN CABLES.

The amount of submarine life that comes up on a cable which is taken up for repairs after being immersed for a year or two is surprising. Three years ago the writer was with a repairing expedition on the Pará to Cayenne section of the Western and Brazilian Company's cables. We were chiefly at work off the island of Marajo, in the estuary of the Amazon. The cable had only been submerged about a month; yet it came on board the ship at places literally covered with barnacles; at others overgrown with submarine vegetation, crabs, and curious shells, often of singular delicacy and beauty. The sea-weeds were in great variety, clinging to the cable sometimes in thick groves of red and yellow algæ, slender, transparent, feathery grasses, red slimy fucoids, and tufts of amethyst moss. We found branching coralline plants upward of a foot in height growing to the cable, the soft skeleton being covered with a fleshy skin, generally of a deep orange color. Sometimes a sponge was found attached to the roots of these corals, and delicate calcareous structures of varied tints incrusted the stems of all these plants, and served to ornament as well as to strengthen them. Parasitic life seems to be as rife under these soft, tepid waters as it is on the neighboring tropical shores. Many star-fishes, zoophytes, and curious crabs and crustaceans were likewise fished up on the cable. The crabs were often themselves completely overgrown with the indigenous vegetation of the bottom, and so were scarcely distinguishable from it. Others, although not so covered, were found to have the same tints as the vegetation they inhabited, and even in structure somewhat resembled the latter. Others, again, were perfectly or partially transparent; and one most beautiful hyaline crab, new to science, united in its person several of the prevailing colors of the bottom. Its slender limbs, like jointed filaments of glass, were stained here and there of a deep topaz brown. Its snout, pointed like a needle, was of a deep scarlet; its triangular body was of a deep yellow; its eyes were green; and its tiny limbs of an amethyst blue.

Within a day after this cable had been laid a mysterious fault had occurred, and this we were in pursuit of. To our surprise, we found it to have been caused by the bites of some voracious fish. About thirty miles north of the Pará mouth of the Amazon we found the cable bitten in many places, and in some so severely that the iron guard wires had been forcibly crushed aside, the cable penetrated to the conductor, and pieces of the animal's teeth left sticking in the core. Instances of cables having been damaged by the saw-fish were known before, both by us and doubtless by our readers. The saw-fish grubbing with its snout in the mud is supposed by Frank Buckland to encounter the cable; and becoming enraged at it, to deal it a sharp downward stroke with its saw, thereby piercing the cable from above, and in certain cases leaving its broken teeth jammed between the wires. But the bites we cut out were evidently due to another fish, for they showed signs of having been made by a direct bite between a pair of powerful jaws. Pieces of teeth were found both on the upper and under side of a bitten place, showing that both jaws had been at work. Of what the fish really is which tries its teeth on such expensive prey, nothing is certainly known.

Fish are not the only large animals which have tried to make a meal or a plaything out of a cable. Under-ground cables have been found eaten by both rats and mice. In Bristol, a year or two ago, a company of rats made their way into the street pipes, and devoured the gutta-percha coating of the street cables. Not long since, at Dawlish, a mouse built her nest and reared her progeny in one of these pipes, and apparently supported both herself and her household on the gutta-percha of the wires. No doubt, as the current passed at times while she was gnawing, the little creature felt a tickling sensation of the palate, which fairly puzzled its tiny understanding, and possibly disturbed its innocent feast.

A curious submarine accident occurred a few years ago to the Persian Gulf cable. The cable suddenly broke down faulty. The position of the fault was localized by shore tests, and a ship dispatched to raise the cable and repair it. It was duly grapnelled; and after a great deal of labor, caused by the extraordinary weight of the cable in hauling up, they succeeded in raising it to the surface, when they found, much to their amusement as well as surprise, that they had "caught a whale." The body of a dead whale was found entangled in the coils of the cable, where the animal had netted and strangled itself.

BEST THREAD FOR SEWING-MACHINES.

THE JURORS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION AGREE WITH THE JUDGES AT THE CENTENNIAL, AND DECIDE THAT IT IS THE "WILLIMANTIC."

IT appears from the Associated Press despatches, and from the lists of awards published in the Paris newspapers, that the jury on cotton textiles, yarns, and thread at the Universal Exposition, have singled out the WILLIMANTIC COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., for a special distinction. They have decreed to that Company a *gold medal and the grand prize* for "*Spool Cotton especially adapted for use on Sewing-Machines.*" Out of more than 50,000 medals and awards, there were only 100 grand prizes, and, although all the great thread manufacturers of the world competed, the WILLIMANTIC COMPANY alone receives the grand prize for Spool Cotton. This action of the Paris jury agrees with the opinion of the judges at our Centennial Exposition, who decreed a medal, and strongly commended the Willimantic thread for its surpassing excellence. But perhaps the most significant indorsement of this Spool Cotton is that by the sewing-machine manufacturers and operators themselves. More than fifty of them, after having used the Willimantic thread on their machines during the Philadelphia and Paris Expositions, on all kinds of work, have signed certificates declaring that the WILLIMANTIC is the '*best thread they have ever used on sewing-machines, on account of its strength, evenness, elasticity, finish, and beautiful shades of color.*' The concurrent opinion of so many experts ought no longer to leave any room for doubt as to which thread is the best for sewing-machines. It is not of British or foreign manufacture, but an American product, and made at the Willimantic Mills. —[*Com.*]

ARE FAT PEOPLE HEALTHY?

WHY are fat people always complaining? asks some one who entertains the popular though erroneous notion that health is synonymous with fat. Fat people complain because they are diseased. Obesity is an abnormal condition of the system, in which the saccharine and oleaginous elements of the food are assimilated to the partial exclusion of the muscle-forming and brain-producing elements. In proof of this, it is only necessary to assert the well-known fact that excessively fat people are never strong, and seldom distinguished for mental powers or activity. Besides, they are the easy prey of acute and epidemic diseases, and they are the frequent victims of gout, heart disease, and apoplexy. Allan's Anti-Fat is the only known remedy for this disease. It contains no acid, is absolutely harmless, and is warranted to remedy the most confirmed case of obesity, or corpulency.—[*Com.*]

FLORILINE—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

If teeth are white and beautiful,
  It keeps them so intact;
If they're discolored in the least,
  It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
  Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
  Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

—[*Com.*]

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GEORGE TURNEY.

NEW YORK.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I have been afflicted with inflammation of the kidneys, with severe pain in the back. A friend advised me to try a bottle of Constitution Water. I procured a bottle, and after taking the contents of half the bottle, to my astonishment the pain had left me. I am now as well as ever I was. Yours truly, H. B. KIRK,

58 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering for a long time with what physicians call disease of the prostate gland, and retention of urine, and was unable to obtain any relief until I used Constitution Water, which began to produce its curative effects after taking one or two doses, and no man can be more grateful than I at the results —having suffered all that a man could suffer and live, and rather than to be deprived of the medicine, I would be willing to pay *fifty dollars* a bottle for it.

It has not only cured me, but several other officers in my district have been cured by it, and I would recommend everybody suffering from any disease of the kidneys to use Constitution Water.

RICHARD LUSH.
Sergeant 9th Ward Police.

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A. B. CORWINE.

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FREDERICK F. WOOD.

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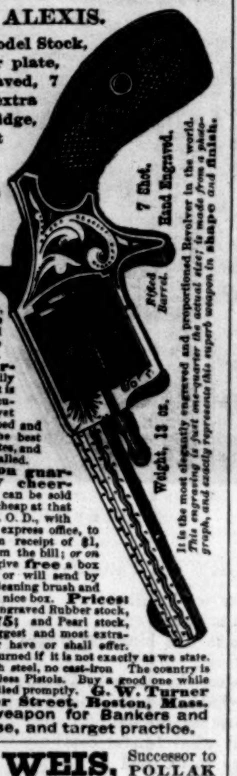
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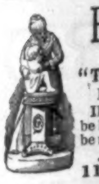

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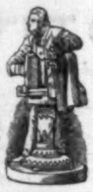

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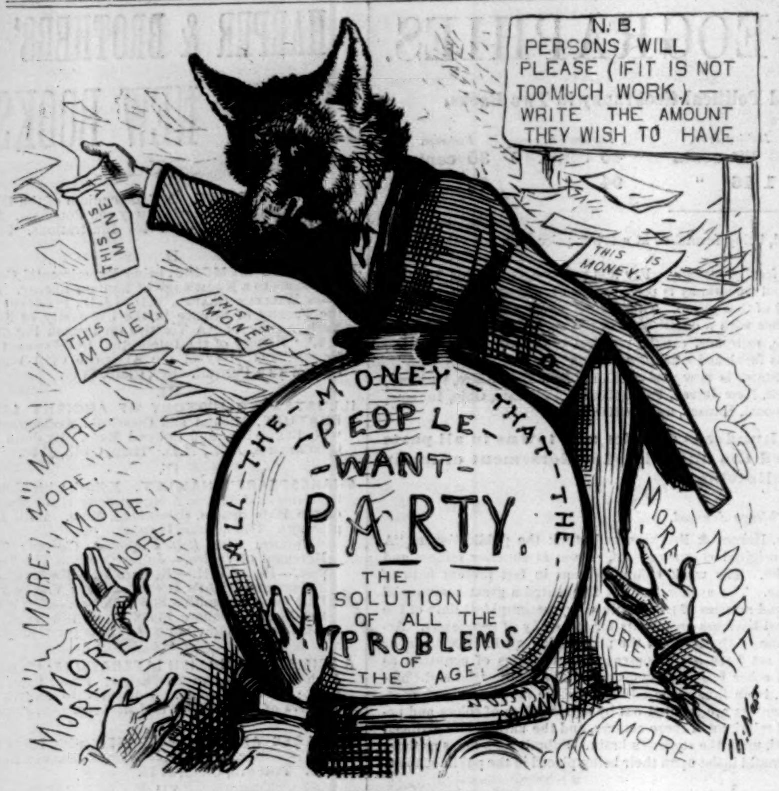
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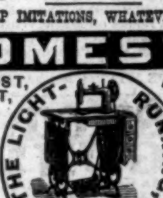

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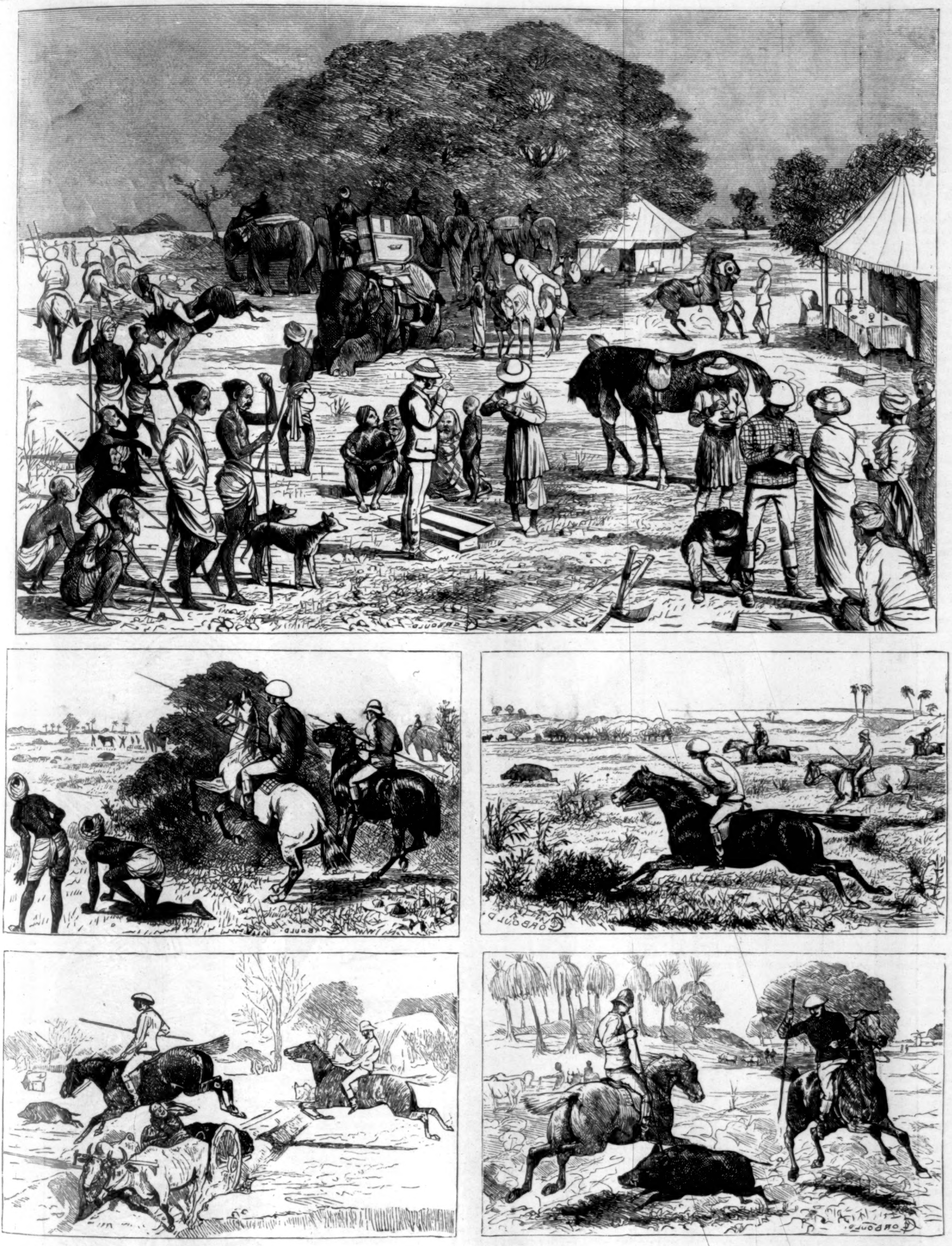


HOG-HUNTING IN BENGAL.

HOG-HUNTING IN BENGAL.

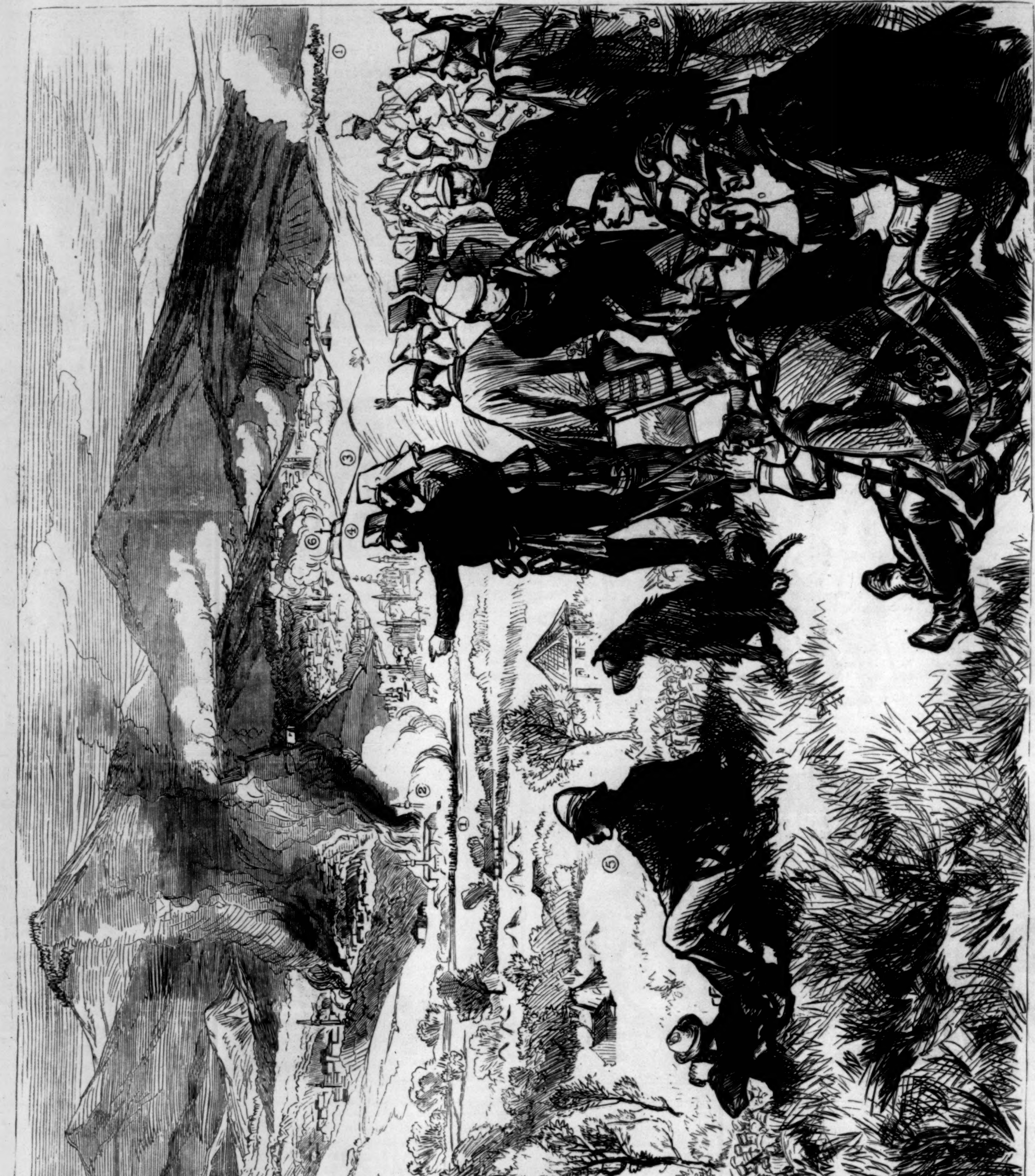
"Pledge me those who oft have won
Tuskèd trophies from the foe,
And in many a famous run
Many a gallant hog laid low.
Who on Peeplah's steepy height
And on Gunga's tangled shore
Oft again will dare the fight
With the furious jungle boar."

The wild hog of India bears too close a resemblance to our own grunting inhabitants of the sty to awaken any special admiration among those who are not fond of hunting. Sportsmen, however, find him an animal worthy of all honor. Major Levison, the "Old Shekarry," says of him: "The wild boar has ever been classed amongst the noble beasts in the most ancient annals of venery; and well he deserves to be so, as none amongst the animal creation has a better right to be styled a *cavalier sans peur et sans reproche.* Although apparently a coarse, rough, sulky, insolent-looking brute, with a cunning, narrow-slitted eye, from which he casts furtive, scowling, and malignant glances, he is gifted with rare metal, and no one can fail to admire his courage, as, regardless of odds, he unflinchingly charges his enemy, and maintains his gallant bearing to the close of the contest."

The Indian hog is hunted with a peculiarly fashioned spear, and usually from the back of an Arabian horse. A thoroughly trained horse is a *sine qua non* in hog-hunting; and a high-caste Arab makes the best hunter, as he is the most courageous, the most enduring, and the most sagacious of the Indian breeds of horses, and is consequently the more easily broken and trained. No horse will make a good hog-hunter that can not do at least a couple of miles at fair racing speed, and the faster he can get off at the commencement of the run the better, as the boar, who generally feeds heavily during the night, is not in good running condition early in the morning, and usually gets blown after being hard pressed for a mile.

The spear used by the sportsman should be well balanced, and it is usual to have the butt weighted with lead for that purpose. In the Bombay and Madras Presidencies hog spears are generally nine feet from the extreme point of the blade to the butt, and this is generally looked upon as regulation length. In Bengal, however, many sportsmen use a spear about six feet in length, weighted with nearly two pounds of lead at the butt. Holding the weapon about a foot and a half from the lead part, they are accustomed to use it as a javelin, waiting until the horse gets alongside of the boar before giving the fatal thrust; but in Madras or Bombay hog-hunters hold the spear like a lance, so as to allow free play to the wrist in directing the point. Throwing the spear is considered most unsportsmanlike, on account of the numerous accidents that have happened to both horses and riders by its turning or coming in contact with the ground.

The programme usually followed in hog-hunting is somewhat elaborate, and not unlike that pursued in Scotland in hunting certain kinds of game. The hunters being told off in pairs are accompanied by the master, who posts them like a chain of videttes along the cover-side in situations where they are as little exposed as possible, so that they may not scare the hogs or cause them to break back on the beaters. Here each man dismounts



1. Austrian Guns. 2. Turkish Hospital on Fire. 3. General Philippovich. 4. Colonel Pope, Chief of the Staff. 5. Mr. J. Bell, Special Artist. 6. Yellow Redoubt.

THE AUSTRIAN CAMPAIGN IN BOSNIA—BOMBARDMENT OF SERAJEVO.

and remains on the *qui vive*, maintaining the utmost silence. No spear may leave his post on any pretext whatever until the preconcerted signal on the bugle is given. Should a hog break from the cover near him, he hoists his hunting cap on his spear as high above his head as he can, this being the signal that the game "is afoot," or "gone away," and every hunter who sees the signal repeats it, so that the whole line is apprised, and the master orders the alarm to be sounded on the bugle. Upon this, each man mounts and waits impatiently for the sound of the next signal, the "advance," when the whole line dart impetuously in pursuit.

The series of sketches we give illustrates the full history of a hog-hunt. In the first drawing we see the party preparing for a start, the hunters finishing their last pipe, and the native beaters disposing of the last morsels of the rice which constitutes their frugal breakfast. In the next, two of them are stationed at their posts, but the alarm has been sounded and the hog is in full view, so that the third shows them in furious pursuit, leaping ditches, and carrying consternation to the heart of the proprietor of a peaceful ox team. In the fourth sketch they are nearing their exhausted prey, and in the fifth and last the fatal spear goes home, striking the poor victim in his most vital part.

THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

IN the article accompanying the engraving illustrating the advance of the Austrians into Bosnia which was published in our last Supplement, we followed the line of march adopted by the northern division of the army of occupation as far as Zepce. In the conflict which took place at this point, our readers will remember, the Austrians were successful in vanquishing the insurgents, who were glad to escape by way of the Bosna River.

After the affair at Zepce, which took place on the 8th of August, General PHILIPPOVICH moved on to Vrandruk, and from thence to Zenitza, where he took up his quarters on the 11th. On the previous day the supplementary division, which crossed the Save at Alt Gradiska, and whose fortunes we followed as far as Jaicze, had occupied Travnik, a town situated a few miles from Zenitza. A junction was formed between the two divisions, the commanders of which decided upon a respite of one or two days, in order that the troops might recover in some measure from the effects of their recent struggles.

While the Austrians were thus waiting quietly at Zenitza, it was ascertained, by means of reconnaissances and other sources of information, that several bands of insurgents had collected in the wooded defile between Oyciluka and Hau Belalovac, and that unless the enemy should be intimidated by the size of the advancing army and retire at the last moment, some hard fighting might be expected. Accordingly, on the 15th, Austrian troops were dispatched to those points where the enemy could most advantageously be provoked into an engagement. On the evening of the same day the left wing column, commanded by Colonel Müller, stood to the east of Brizei, the middle column was stationed at Busovaca, while the right wing column, commanded by Colonel Villecz, was pushed forward toward Stina. On the morning of the 16th these three columns were ordered to move forward, the two wing columns taking the rear of the Belalovac Ridge, which it was thought would probably be the main position of the enemy. All the trains were meanwhile left behind. The centre column had scarcely passed Busovaca when the guns of the left wing began to make themselves heard. A cannonade then followed, which drove some detachments of the insurgents from the wooded declivities where, during the night, they had stationed themselves. By nine in the morning the van-guard of the main column encountered the enemy at a point where the road crosses the Kosica Brook, and where also the wooded defile begins. The slopes in the neighborhood of the brook are not steep, but are of a very broken and irregular formation, rendering the movement of troops no easy matter. The van-guard, under the personal leadership of General Popp, soon succeeded, however, in forcing their way into the wood, when a lively skirmish ensued. Meanwhile General Philippovich moved up four guns from a light battery of the Reserve Artillery to a height on the left of the road. To drag up the guns, however, was a task of desperate difficulty. Exactly at eleven o'clock the battery gained the summit of the height, and fired the first shot at the very moment when the infantry engagement was waxing hot.

This was the turning-point in the battle, for the artillery rendered immediate and conspicuous service. The enemy's fire grew weaker, and soon they were seen retreating. As the right wing, however, could only toil slowly and laboriously over difficult ground, and no news had been received of the left wing, General Philippovich ordered the centre not to advance. But at quarter of twelve there was heard from the distance, in the rear of the enemy, a thundering cannonade proceeding from Colonel Villecz's column. At half past five in the morning this column had started from their bivouac at Stina, had happily overcome the great difficulties of movement, had gained the height to the south of Belalovac, and were ready to join the centre column, when they encountered large bodies of insurgents, who, suspecting no danger, were retreating in their direction, and unwittingly offering themselves for execution. Colonel Villecz at once had his battery in position, and poured volleys down upon the surprised and disordered bands of the insurgents, who, unable to offer any resistance, dropped every thing they had with them, and straggled up the wooded declivities on the other side of the road. The panic spreading infected also the insurgents appointed to defend the ridge, who left their intrenchments in haste. Four guns which they had placed there they managed to remove from their position, dragging them probably to wooded heights to the east of the road. When, at half past two, the Austrians reached the enemy's camp, they found twenty tents, with a large number of arms, a great quantity of munition, provisions, clothes, wagons, and horses. The brilliant turn given to the battle was due to Colonel Villecz's column having at the exact time when needed taken up the vantage ground where their shots could avail.

While the main army under General Philippovich was thus engaged, a supplementary force under General Tegethoff sustained a severe conflict at Kakanj, after which they passed on to Visoka, occupying that town on the 17th. A quantity of arms and ammunition was secured, after which the troops moved a considerable distance toward Serajevo, the capital of the province. The official report of General Philippovich shows that the capture of Serajevo was the result of the combined operations of his own force and that of General Tegethoff. On the 19th of August General Tegethoff's force formed an attacking column toward the northern side of the city and opened a cannonade against the fortress at six o'clock in the morning, the insurgent artillery replying. Meanwhile the force of General Philippovich, divided in two columns, in effecting a turning movement was favored by a thick fog. A column directed against the insurgent position on the west of Serajevo began the attack at half past seven; but the main column, driving the insurgents with difficulty from strong positions, only reached its appointed post on the heights south of the city at half past ten, when, however, the enemy's cannon were silenced, and the Austrian infantry advanced without difficulty. The town was soon occupied, but not without determined resistance on the part of the inhabitants.

The trophies captured by General Philippovich at the Bosnian capital were numerous and important. Besides the guns taken, over 6000 rifles were collected in pursuance of the order for the disarmament of the inhabitants of Serajevo, and large quantities of ammunition were found. Among the prisoners were a large number of Turkish soldiers, principally nizams and rediffs. Of these, 55 officers and 830 men were sent back to Brod under the escort of Austrian troops. As soon as the city became quiet a Communal Council was formed, consisting of eighteen respectable citizens of all confessions, namely, five Mohammedans, three Catholics, six of the orthodox faith, and four Jews. From this body Fazli Pasha, the former Civil Governor, was appointed Mayor. He is a man held in great respect among the citizens of the town, and is of stainless reputation.

A DARK INHERITANCE.

By MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Nora's Love Test," "A Shadow on the Threshold," "Back to the Old Home," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"What a pity it was!"

Though those exact words were in my heart, I scarcely knew what thought they interpreted, as I stood at the window watching for a horseman's figure on the road. My brother was never known to be late for dinner, and it was now only half past five o'clock, yet there I stood, as eagerly watching for the first glimpse of Psyche's head beyond the primly cut hedge of our lawn as if it were an hour behind our dinner-time instead of an hour before it.

"What a pity it was!"

Edgar and I were just as happy as ever we could be together, and a separation would be very hard upon either of us. Why should it be even supposed possible that either of us would voluntarily leave the other? Why should Donald Ramsay's last visit have left a disturbing shadow on the surface of this calm, unruffled life of ours—my brother Edgar's and mine?

Ah! there was Psyche trotting through the lawn gate, which Edwards held open for his master, and there were Edgar's happy eyes seeking me in this my usual lounging-place! What a pleasant time for me was this hour of my brother's return, after his daily absence in town! And what a pleasant home-coming it always was to him! Could I, by any word of mine, change this home-coming into loneliness for him? Or could ever another face bring home to me the happiness that my brother's brought?

A thousand times—No!

I went out through the open window, and met Edgar on the lawn, as I always did; and he gave Psyche into Edwards's charge, and linked his arm in mine, with a debonair reversal of the old custom that always pleased me well—though of course I knew I could never be any support to him really; for not only was he older than I, and so much bigger, of course (I being but a slight girl, and he such a finely made man), but he was, too, so very much wiser and cleverer and better.

"Another new dress," he began, in his merry, joking way, as he took a pinch of my sleeve between his fingers. "This makes about the twentieth this spring. I should be in the Bankruptcy Court if you were dependent upon me."

"Life itself would be altogether a bankrupt enjoyment for me if I were dependent upon you, Edgar," I said, as we sauntered on across the grass, knowing so well in my heart that it never had signified (and never would) to which of us belonged the money we spent so happily and lavishly, though never recklessly, I trust. "What sort of a day in town, Edgar?"

"Too much work and too much heat. What sort of a day at home, Eunice?"

"More work than yours, and less heat. Didn't you get a turn in the Park, then?"

"Oh yes—just an hour or so," returned Edgar, stopping to cut himself a half-blown Malmaison for his button-hole. "The Row was stupidly empty. I was glad you were not there."

"You looked for me, then?"

"No, I didn't look for you," he answered, with great readiness, "but I found Ramsay doing it. I expected to find him here, as he didn't find you there."

"Do you want him?" I asked, a little wistfully, as I detained Edgar on the step of the open drawing-room window, taking the tube from his button-hole to put in fresh water and his Malmaison.

"Yes, I want him," he echoed, looking the very personification of aggravation, with his hat at the back of his head, and his mouth screwed up, "and he wants me. He never thinks of any body in the world but me. I believe that he is coming here to-night to entreat me to go to India with him. You seem to be blushing," he went on, as he touched my cheek with his whip.

"No, I'm not. I don't care which of us he comes to see; but if I thought—"

"If you thought," put in Edgar, "that he came to allure me from the fraternal roof to his own marble halls—the figurative appellation for barracks, dear—you would doubtless feel as fond of him as I do under similar circumstances."

"Oh, Edgar," I cried, my heart beating gladly—for this was exactly what I loved to know he felt, what I did know he felt, but what I loved to hear him say—"I am so glad you don't want me to go! We are so happy together, aren't we? I want no one but you, Edgar. And I shall feel so much more at ease when Donald has sailed for India—poor Donald!"

"Fruitful compassion!" smiled Edgar. "Those two words were added as a second thought; the third thought will be that you prefer his not sailing *alone* to India—poor Donald!"

I did not mind his mimicry. I threw his riding-whip upon the floor, and put both my hands into his, looking, I am sure, most unmistakably in earnest now.

"Edgar, just answer me gravely; be as grave as I am for one moment. Could you—willingly—spare me to go away forever?"

"I would rather not," said Edgar, in just his placid, comfortable way, only his fingers tightened on mine.

"You would miss me?"

"Indeed I should, dear. I should not be able to endure the dear old home without you."

"Then, Edgar," I cried, delightedly—for I could understand, he being a man, how much less he said even than he meant—"you know quite well now whether I could go with Donald. You know how I love the dear old house and every thing in it and about it. You know how I love you, Edgar, and never want any one else. And I only waited to feel sure you wished me to stay—though indeed I did feel sure of that before—before telling you there was nothing in the world that would tempt me to leave you and the dear old home."

"Nothing in the world, eh?" repeated Edgar, laughing, while I stood on tiptoe and kissed him, knowing now most certainly that there was only one answer which I could possibly give to Donald Ramsay when he asked me in all seriousness the question he had so often lately tried in vain to ask.

Edgar would miss me just as I should miss him if he could ever leave me. He had said he should not be able to endure the dear old home without me. So it was all settled. We should spend our lives here together. We should want nothing more. We had all we needed in each other.

After dinner I went into the garden, as usual, but on this evening Edgar did not stroll out with me, as he generally did.

"I shall follow you," he said, apparently very busy selecting a cigar. "If I don't, you will understand that Ramsay has stepped in and refuses to part with me. In that case you must spend your evening alone, my dear."

I nodded a grave assent to this, and took my work into the summer-house—no mellow old romantic bower, where one sits among roses and jasmine, but a new and highly varnished structure described as rustic, which Edgar had bought a few weeks before, and to which I was making brave efforts to grow attached. There was no need to hasten over my work, so I sang to myself for the same reason that the boy whistled in the poem—"for want of thought." But my lazy, broken version of "The Clang o' the Wooden Shoon" came to a sudden stop when I saw Donald Ramsay walking rapidly up to the summer-house, looking so strange and pale.

"Donald," I said, working away, and pretending that I did not see any thing unusual in his manner when he sat down by me, "isn't this a fine evening?"

As a rule, Edgar and I are not great in discussing the weather, it very seldom occurring to us to discourse of it, because opinions on that subject can not vary very piquantly, and such a fact as I had just stated to Donald being generally too self-evident to need attention being drawn to it. Still, if Donald had been as polite as usual, I think he would have given me some acknowledgment, however slight, of my observation.

"I think," I said at last, making another fresh and lively start, "that there isn't ventilation enough in this summer-house."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Don't you think so, Donald?"

"Think what?"

Then I laughed, for how could I help it when he was so very absent and such unsatisfactory company?

"Forgive me, Eunice," he said, touching my hand as if he pleaded that I should put down my work; "I was not thinking of what you said, though I was thinking wholly of you."

"Silly of you, Donald," I answered, putting down my work, as he wished it, and looking into his anxious eyes. "I am not worthy of such grave, long thoughts."

"I can judge best of that, my dear," he said, in his gentle, brotherly way. "There is no other thought so sweet and dear to me. But, Eunice, I long for something more to take with me than the memory even of all the delicious hours I have spent in your presence. Give me just a few words of hope, dear Eunice. You know how I love you. You know, as Edgar does, how long you have been every thing to me. I have made you see this, Eunice, though I've often feared you didn't care to see it; and now I am come to ask you for one word of hope to live upon through the long months before I see you again."

"Oh, Donald, please," I faltered, for it hurt me sadly to see him so deeply earnest, and to feel in my own mind that I cared so little for these words from him; "I like you so much! You are like another brother to me—almost; you and Edgar are like brothers. Please to think of me as your sister, and then I can care for you—always."

"No other way?" he questioned, very low.

"No other way, Donald," I answered, almost as low, "for I shall never leave Edgar."

"Then it is only the old plea still?" he questioned, in an eager way. "There is nothing else between us, Eunice? Only your love for Edgar?"

Only my love for Edgar! Could it possibly be that Donald fancied I could ever change in that?

"Even though you tell me not to hope," he went on, hurrying a little (I think because there reached us just then the faint scent of Edgar's cigar), "I must do so. Why should I not, when I have no rival but your brother, and he himself will marry some day?"

"I don't think he will," I put in, gently, as I gathered up my work. Indeed, I might have contradicted Donald more decidedly, only how could I when he looked so anxious? "We like to live as we are doing now. Edgar is quite happy, and indeed he said only to-day that he should not be able to endure the dear old home without me."

"It was a selfish speech," said Donald, hurriedly; "but never mind. I see you are quite happy now, but there may come a time when—when he will not deny himself."

"I do not quite understand what you mean by denial," I said, with a flash of real angry disdain. "Do you suppose that I am *denying* myself in letting you go away—a free man?"

"That is enough, Eunice," he answered, very heavily. "Nothing could more surely and directly have shown me I could go away in no other way. I think there is no room in your heart for any one but your brother, and if I go on loving and hoping, only to win another disappointment, at least it will be my own fault. Remember that I told you that; and—and," he went on, his voice faltering as he tried to meet my glance, "it will not be in a man's power, I am sure, to help hoping, for you don't pretend to say, Eunice, that you will never love any man but Edgar?"

"Never," I said, in my ignorant confidence—"never any one as I love Edgar."

"But this love is different," Donald went on, "and need not interfere with what Edgar possesses and deserves. If you gave me the right to do so, I should show you how different."

"Yes, it would all be different indeed, Donald," I interrupted; "and I wish no change. Who could ever be to me what Edgar is?"

"That is ridiculous," cried Donald, in quick passion. Yet, though the speech was not polite, how could I resent it when he looked so very troubled? "But it shows me, beyond any doubt, that you don't know what it means to love, as—as I do. But it may come, Eunice, and—" He broke off suddenly, rising as he did so, and going on in a different tone. "In little more than a year I shall be back again."

"We shall be delighted to see you, Donald," I said, as cordially as ever I could, for he was an old, old friend to both Edgar and me. "I trust you will find us living here, just as you leave us."

"I trust so too," he said, with a little brightening of his tone. "I shall live through my absence in that hope. And if your brother is my only rival when I return, I may surely plead my cause once more."

"Don't wait for that, Donald—don't think of that," I entreated, offering him my hand before we left the summer-house; "there are so many other girls who could make you happy. Why wait?"

"Many other girls who could make me happy, are there?" he echoed, with quick contempt. "Could and would. All right; I'll go and see. I shall ask Miss Hilton first. I shall have no rival in any brother of hers. She cares for nobody—but herself."

"And I have given you good advice, Donald, to care for nobody—but her."

I do not know why it was that Edgar never came near us in the garden this evening. We found him reading at the drawing-room window in the laziest and coolest manner, just as if he had no guest at all on the premises; but of course Donald scarcely seems so much like a guest as like a brother of ours.

When tea was over, and our desultory chat, and we had seen Donald off, standing ourselves at the gate, in the quiet summer twilight, to nod and smile when he looked back, Edgar put his hand on my shoulder with only half a laugh.

"Oh, my lover, broken-hearted! Oh, my Donald, mine no more!"

"You are glad, Edgar?" I queried, wistfully, drawing round my neck the hand that lay upon my shoulder. "You are glad that nothing is to separate us two? No one else will ever imagine it, now Donald is gone."

"I'm delighted to know that Ramsay is the only idiot in creation."

"And you are really glad?"

"Delighted, dear," he answered, in his genial, hearty way.

CHAPTER II.

It seemed strange to us at first not having Donald coming in at all hours, and under any pretense. We talked of our old friend very often, but I never found him filling my thoughts in solitary, silent, happy times. We often wondered where he was, and what he was doing, and whether he was talking of us or gradually growing to forget us; but the dear old home was never shadowed for one single hour by any deep regret or vain longing for him.

When his first Indian letter came to Edgar there was a message in it for me—a simple little message, exactly like one of Donald's own speeches—asking if, as an old friend of my brother's as well as of my own, he might write to me sometimes during his absence.

But when Edgar was writing, and asked me what he was to say in answer to that question, I sent Donald word not to write to me, as I read my brother's letters, and so should know all about his Indian life. But I begged Edgar to say it very nicely, and that we should both be glad when our old friend came back to England.

And now the beautiful summer, that was in its glory when Donald went away, was over, and not even its last faint sad memories, always so slow to die, were left us. We had had a whole wet, cheerless week, but this one afternoon I had grown so very tired of being a prisoner in the house or of driving in a closed carriage (which I always did dislike so much) that I determined to defy the rain, and walk to the station to meet Edgar. Of course the wet walk would not be very pleasant on our uninteresting road, but then I should have Edgar when I came back.

Even before I started the rain ceased and the sky began to clear, so that I set forth quite cheerfully in my warm weather-proof costume, delighted to lose that wretched feeling of weariness and low spirits which had had such an obstinate grip upon me all day.

Edgar did not often come from town by train, and even when he did it was a most rare and unusual thing for me to meet him, so I knew he would be much astonished when he met me. I liked to picture, as I went along, the laugh of pleasure he would give, and the merry way in which he would tease me all the way home.

Edgar would, I knew, travel by the fast train that reached our station at 5.30, and it was exactly due when I looked up at the clock in the booking office. I passed back again and waited outside the station, walking decorously up and down. I heard the train come in, just only a minute or two behind its time; and then the passengers came out, almost all singly, and—I felt my face growing very pink indeed as I noticed this—all gentlemen.

"Good-evening, Miss Compton," said one cheery old gentleman, whom I knew well, though I should scarcely that evening have expected him to recognize me. "Come to meet your brother, are you? He came in my carriage—not the smoking